National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

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AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

REBEL RHYMES.

[Frank Moore, Editor of *The Record of The Rebellion*, has made a collection of Rebel poetry, from which we take the following specimens:]

Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring round like the very deuce!
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack—
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back.

Bull-dog, terrier, cur, and fice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice;
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear
Everybody and everywhere.

[The following morceau is equally charming:]

With a beard that was filthy and red,
His mouth with tobacco bespread,
Abe Lincoln sat in the gay White House,
A-wishing that he was dead—
Swear! swear! swear!
Till his tongue was blistered o'er;
Then, in a voice not very strong,
He slowly whined the Despot's song:—

Lie! lie! lie!
I've lied like the very deuce!
Lie! lie! lie!
As long as lies were of use;
But now the lies no longer pay,
I know not where to turn;
For when I the truth would say,
My tongue with lies will burn!

Drink! drink! drink!
Till my head feels very queer!
Drink! drink! drink!
Till I get rid of all fear!
Brandy, and whiskey, and gin,
Sherry, and champagne, and pop,
I tipple, I guzzle, I suck 'em all in,
Till down dead-drunk I drop.

THE NEW ABOLITION PLATFORM—SOCIAL AND POLITICAL EQUALITY FOR NEGROES.

From Bennett's Herald.

IT will be seen from the advertisement which we publish to-day that "the tried men and women" of the abolition faction are to hold sweet counsel together at Dr. Cheever's church on Tuesday, the 10th of May. The objects of the meeting, now that slavery is dead, are "the reconstruction of society on the basis of political equality"—which means giving negroes the right to vote—and the abolition of "complexional distinction"—which means miscegenation. In order to secure a full attendance of the brethren and sisters, we conspicuously reprint the call gratis.

This will be the thirty-first anniversary of this organization, which has done about as much injury to the country as it would have done had it been composed of fiends and furies. This war, brought about by the Anti-Slavery Society, has pretty well squelched it, however. Slavery has been abolished practically by our arms, and will soon be abolished legally by an amendment to the Constitution; and this knocks the foundations from under this association of pestilent agitators and crazy fanatics. There being no slavery, of course there can be no anti-slavery. Consequently the May meeting will no longer be devoted to freeing "the poor slave." Neither will it be devoted to congratulations and rejoicings over the poor slave's freedom; for this has been accomplished in a manner and with a suddenness that have astonished and provoked these brethren and sisters, who begin to feel that they deserve but little of the credit of an emancipation occurring neither at the time nor in the way that they proposed.

For what, then, does this Society of original and avowed disunionists intend to assemble? Why, as we see by the call, to attempt to put miscegenation into practice upon a large scale, and to give the negro a vote for the next President. But these subjects of consideration will undoubtedly prove bones of contention among the brethren. William Lloyd Garrison, the President of the Society, has not yet declared in favor of miscegenation; but Wendell Phillips has, and the result will be warm words and a sharp argument, unless Mr. Garrison conforms to the theories of Phillips and Tilton. The brethren and sisters may also agree to disagree about this delicate matter, and it is more than probable that they will. In that case, look out for white squalls and black squalls, and a stormy time all around. Then, again, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips are also at variance upon the Presidential question. Mr. Garrison believes that President Lincoln ought to be reëlected, while Mr. Phillips denounces the President as a "tortoise," a "fool," and a "hypocrite." Mr. Phillips thinks that Fremont ought to be our next President, while Mr. Garrison denounces the Pathfinder as unfaithful to the abolition creed since his Missouri proclamation. This is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and it will be a prettier yet when the brethren and sisters take sides in it. Distinctly there is a pleasant prospect that the Society will break up in a row, and leave considerable wool and a few broken benches on the floor of the church as tokens of its decease.

MISCEGENATION.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE efforts of leading radical newspapers to force the negro equality and amalgamation idea on the community are continued with great determination Others, seeing the tendency of the thing, endeavor to repudiate the idea, but it is inexorably established as a part of the creed of the radical church, and no man is in good and regular standing who refuses absolute social and political equality to the negro. The regular pioneers of the abolition party have issued their call for the Spring celebration, or anniversary. The published call concludes as follows.

There still remains much to be done by the Abolitionists, in the way of labor and testimony, to secure full and complete justice to the colored race, both at the hands of the government and with reference to the reconstruction of society on the basis of political equality in the rebellious States. Let the approaching anniversary, therefore, be well attended by the tried men and women whose purpose it is still to continue the great moral struggle until before the Constitution and laws all are made free, and *complexional distinctions are unknown.*

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

Is it not, after all, a very curious picture in the history of mankind, a nation convulsed by war, men perishing by thousands on battle-fields, all the horrors of war enacted daily, hourly, over a vast expanse of country, a host of gallant soldiers offering life and all for the Union and Constitution, and all the while a party, in effect the dominant party, certainly its leading and guiding spirits, avowing their determination that this war shall never cease till white men consent to give political and social equality to black men? It is certainly one of the most remarkable pages in human history. These men, too, are persuaded that they are philanthropists, have really a conviction that they love the human race, when the impartial observer cannot but see plainly that they have no love for any portion of that race, black or white, but an intense overpowering hatred to a large part of the white race which impels all their action. They consign both white and black to extermination because they hate the white. All this fanaticism of Abolitionists is the madness of hatred, not the sentimental folly of love. When a nation falls into the hands of such men its fate is under the most dangerous control.

Negro equality is now the demand of the radical party leaders. The Senate and House of Representatives are occupying their time with legislating negroes into railroad cars, negro voters into territorial organizations, negro equality everywhere, so far as they can, while the country is rushing the downward road to ruin. And some sensible men still adhere to the party and think that there is a charitable notion in it all. And in the meantime the freedmen are starving by thousands, and misery is overwhelming the black race.

Selections.

THE TREATMENT OF FREEDMEN—A MODIFIED FORM OF SLAVERY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NATCHEZ, Miss., April 8, 1861.

AMONG the interesting events of the times, the scenes witnessed in this city for some days past ought to have a place as items for the future historian. On the 22d ult., an order was issued by Dr. Kelly, the health officer of this city, and approved by Gen. J. M. Tuttle, the new commander of this post, and appeared in *The Natchez Courier* of that date. It is as follows:

HEALTH OFFICE, NATCHEZ, Miss., March 19, 1864.

To preserve the general health of the troops stationed in the city of Natchez and of the inhabitants, and to guard against the crigination here, and the introduction of pestilential diseases the ensuing Summer and Autumn, it imperatively requires the *prompt, vigorous* and *steady* enforcement of the sanitary regulations heretofore prescribed in this city.

It is of the first and greatest importance and necessity that all causes tending to the engendering and dissemination of pestilential diseases here, so soon as their existence is known, shall at once be abated or removed, so far as practicable. It is to be apprehended that serious danger to the health of this city will result from the congregation within its limits of the large number of *idle* negroes which now throng the streets, lanes and alleys, and over-crowd every hovel. *Lazy* and *profligate*, unused to caring for themselves; thriftless for the present, and recklessly improvident of the future, the most of them loaf idly about the streets and alleys, prowling in secret places, and lounge lazily in crowded hovels, which soon become dens of noisome filth, the hot-beds fit to engender and rapidly disseminate the most *loathsome* and *malignant* disease.

To prevent these evil effects it *is hereby ordered* that after the 1st day of April, 1864, no contraband shall be allowed to remain in the city of Natchez, who is not employed by some *responsible white person*, in some legitimate business, and who does not reside at the domicil of his or her employer; and no contraband will be allowed to hire any premises in this city for any purpose whatever, and no other person will be allowed to hire such premises for the purpose of evading this order, nor allowed to hire or harbor any contraband who cannot satisfy the Health Officer that he or she needs the services of said contraband in some legitimate employment. All contrabands remaining in the city in contravention of this order after April 1, will be removed to the contraband encampment.

The word contraband is hereby defined to mean all persons formerly slaves who are not now in the employ of their former owners.

Any evasion of this order will be punished more severely than the direct infraction of it, and all persons renting buildings to contrabands will be held responsible.

Persons drawing rations from United States government are not supposed to need many *hired* servants. The number allowed to each family will be determined by the undersigned. By order of

A. W. KELLY, Surgeon and Health Officer.

Approved: J. M. TUTTLE, Brig.-Gen. Commanding District.

If an order had been issued to preserve the health of the city, and for the removal from the city limits the class here spoken of, we would have been the last to object to its execution. But such was not the nature of this order, as its language evidently shows. These Freedmen, who are not hired, and are supporting themselves in lawful and useful employments, are the best class of the colored people in the city. But the manifest design of the language is that no freedman, who is not in a state of servitude, shall remain in the city. And in order to live in Natchez, the freedman must not only be hired to some white person, but he must also live at the domicil of his employer. He must be a servant and he must live with his master. Though he were hired, yet if he lived across the street from his employer, he must be driven from the city. And in the execution of the order, these were the points that special attention was given to. No regard was shown to character, to age, sex, or condition. The simple fact that a freedman was honestly supporting himself and family was a sufficient reason for driving him from the city, except in some cases of hack-drivers, and draymen, and market-men, whom Dr. Kelly excepted, as the city could hardly afford to lose them. In the execution of this order, there seemed to be no regard shown to the marriage or parental relations. If the husband was employed by a white person, and happened to live at his domicil, he might remain, but his wife must leave the city. Or if the wife was so employed, and her husband laboring for himself, he must be driven away from his family. And if the parents were employed, and their children working for the family or themselves, they must leave the place of their birth. The marriage and parental relations were no more in the way of the execution of this order, than they were in the way of the execution of the order of the auctioneer in the slave market a year ago in this place. Indeed, the days of slavery seemed to have returned again. There was the yard or pen into which the colored people, driven from the different parts of the city by the soldiers, were placed—old men and women, some of whom had lived in the city forty or fifty years, and boys and girls, and little children, to await the decision of the Doctor, or his subordinates, as to whether they shall be driven from their homes, and be separated forever. Some old citizens, living here for forty years, say they never saw so much sorrow and distress in Natchez as they saw on the 1st day of April. Many of the freed people were heard to say they never had been so hardly treated by their masters. Whole families had lived together with their masters; but now they must be separated—some stay in the city, others be driven to the kraal, and from that to the plantation, to be again taken by the rebels. Hence many who had had kind masters resolved to return to slavery rather than expose themselves to the unknown cruelties of lawless and prowling guerillas. The consequence is, that so far as this class of persons is concerned, the order of Dr. Kelly, approved and backed by the power of the Brigadier, has defeated the Emancipation proclamation of the President of the United States. And the oft repeated recommendations of the Doctor's officials to freedmen, to return to their masters, is some evidence of the design and tendency of this order.

Another fact in evidence. When persons requested to hire some of the colored people, and to get certificates of employment from the Doctor, the question was usually asked, how many slaves had you before our army came here; the answer was accordingly. If no slaves then, no servants now. If many slaves then, they might have a corresponding number of servants now. And when freedmen applied for papers to defend them from being arrested again, those who had been notorious slaveholders formed his council and determined their fate.

Another sad effect of the execution of this order is that it has nearly broken up the free schools of the colored people in the city. Before the 1st of April there were more than 600 colored children attending schools here, which had been established, and were sustained by the liberality of the friends of freedom in the Northern States. Now the children attending schools will probably number 160. And the declaration frequently made by secessionists in the city since the publication of that order, that the 'nigger' schools will be broken up, is some evidence of its meaning and design.

Seeing the great suffering and distress from the execution of this order, so contrary to the law of God and the claims of humanity and justice, as well as its inconsistency with the present policy of the government to the freedmen, the following remonstrance was prepared and signed by all the missionaries and agents of the Freedmen's Relief Associations here and presented to Gen. Tuttle:

NATCHEZ, Miss., April 1, 1864.

GEN. TUTTLE—*Sir:* The undersigned citizens of Natchez would respectfully ask you to modify the recent Order of the Health Officer of this city, because of the manifold and manifest evils arising from its execution, as it is now carried out. It certainly cannot be the interest or policy of the government of the United States at this time to alienate the colored people from it, and make them its enemies. The colored soldier in the field hearing that his mother or his wife has been driven from her quiet and comfortable home, simply because she supported herself and was not dependent upon some white person, may feel less inclined to hazard his life in the cause of his country now struggling for *its life*, and many doubt whether the pledges made by the government to him have been fulfilled. And it seems strange just now, when the government is fighting for the principles of universal liberty, that a distinction should be made in this district in favor of those who have been slaveholders, and against well-doing and self-supporting freedmen.

In the execution of the Order referred to, the most flagrant wrongs have been inflicted upon the better class of the freed people. An old woman who has lived fifty years in this city, and was never disturbed before, was driven at the point of the bayonet to the camp. Mothers having young infants and attending to lawful business were arrested, and were not allowed to see their babes. Many persons in the employment of respectable white citizens were driven from their houses, and no time allowed them to obtain certificates of being employed. Many others who had paid their taxes and rents in advance, and who had official and personal security of protection and safety, were suddenly turned out of their neat and comfortable houses without any time allowed them to arrange their affairs, and driven away to the camp without shelter or clothing for the night. Parents were driven away from their young children, and children coming out of school were driven away by soldiers without the knowledge of their parents. These wrongs have been inflicted upon a people already sufficiently oppressed and injured, and upon many of them because they are not in a state of servitude, while it is the evident policy and design of the government to liberate and elevate them. Signed by

JAMES WALLACE, Missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

J. C. H. FERIS, Missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church to Freedmen.

S. G. WRIGHT, Missionary American Missionary Association, N. Y.

H. A. MCKELVEY, North Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, Chicago.

J. B. WEEKS, North Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, Chicago.

J. G. THOAN, Agent Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Acting Agent National Freedmen's Relief Association, N. Y., and Western Sanitary Commission.

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, M.D., Assistant Surgeon, Freedmen.

After the General had read this paper, he said to those who presented it, you appear to think that colored men have a great many more rights than white men. To which it was replied, we did not; that we had never dreamed of their having more rights than white men, but we simply believed that a colored man or woman who decently and comfortably supported himself or herself in lawful employment, might be permitted to remain in the city. He then referred the paper to Dr. Kelly.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 4.

A. G. HODGES, *Esq., Frankfort, Ky.:*

MY DEAR SIR: You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said, the other day, in your presence, to Gov. Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows:

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet, I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability, imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation, and yet preserve the Constitution?

By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I feel that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution, through the preservation of the Nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that to the best of my ability I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country and Constitution, all together. When, early in the war, Gen. Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, Gen. Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, Gen. Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come.

When, in March, and May, and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter. In choosing it, I hoped for greater gain than loss; but of this I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial now shows no loss by it, in our foreign relations; none in our home popular sentiment; none in our white military force—no loss by it anyhow or anywhere. On the contrary, it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and laborers. These are palpable facts, about which, as facts, there can be no caviling. We have the men, and we could not have had them without the measure.

And now, let any Union man who complains of the measure, test himself, by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and in the next that he is for taking these 130,000 men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be, but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his cause so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

I add a word, which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Yours, truly, A. LINCOLN.

SPEECH OF "PARSON" BROWNLOW.

HIS REASONS FOR BECOMING AN ANTI-SLAVERY MAN.

[In the East Tennessee Convention at Knoxville, on the 14th ult., Parson Brownlow delivered one of his characteristic speeches, of which the following were the principal points:]

I SAY that for more than eighty years slavery has ruled this government, and that for more than three years, because it could no longer rule, it has sought, with fire and sword, and the assassin's knife, and the dungeon, and the rack, and the stake, and every device that hell could suggest, to ruin this government. Since the foundation of this government there have been nineteen Presidents. Of these the South have had thirteen. The North had, in all, but six, and of these six we kidnapped three, and ploughed with them our cotton-fields, as we plough with bulls and heifers. We have had most of the foreign appointments, and the hind teats of the Federal kine at home; and these things we had when we were not able to pay our postal expense to the general government. And why? We did not solicit these things—we demanded them. In the name of our superior manhood, our peculiar institution, our high-toned chivalry, we demanded them.

Whence this arrogance? We got it from the negro. * * * And now I am asked to let him alone as property. I fought Andrew Jackson all his life; but if my prayers could bring him from his grave, I would have had him at the White House when the negro sent the Southern chivalry to hold a club over the head of that mean, musty, miserable mockery of a man, the Old Public Functionary. Jackson would have raised ten feet in his boots, and kicked the wretched Pennsylvanian through South Carolina into the Atlantic Ocean. And if he were here to-day he would kick these copperhead resolutions into the ground and grind them to powder under his feet.

Yes, gentlemen, we of the South are responsible for this war. Before God, I tell you that we made it necessary, whether or no; that we forced it upon the country, and this without the shadow of an excuse. I have been a pro-slavery man—the best pro slavery man in this house. But I am for the Union. So I told the Alabama Legislature in a speech five years ago. They were then preparing for war, and had made an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for arming the State. And further back than that, when Henry A. Wise was Governor of Virginia, he wrote letters to all the Governors in the Southern States, declaring that in the event of the election of Fremont to the Presidency of the United States he would head an army, march into Washington, and in the name of the South seize and possess the government.

We of the South have intended this rebellion for more than thirty years. South Carolina and two or more cotton States have never been republican, and never had a republican government. South Carolina would have seceded in Jackson's time, but the old hero took Calhoun by the throat and choked him down. And this choking is a remedy that ought to have been resorted to in the Congress of the United States when traitors like that walking liquor-shop, Wigfall, who had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, were in secret caucus every night, plotting this rebellion. * * And still you cling to slavery. Well, so be it. You will have a good time clinging to the negro; joy be with you. As for me, I shall cling to the Union and let the nigger go. He used to be a local institution among us, but now he is what we Methodists call an itinerant. * * * You used to cry out separation, and you got it; you have it to-day to your heart's content. You are separated from your sons, some of you, and from your farms and houses, your fence-rails, your mules and horses. You used to cry out representation, and you got it. You are represented in every rebel army in the South, in every prison and bastile in the North, and you have more representatives in hell than any other set of men between heaven and hell.

A PRISONER SET FREE.

"A LITTLE brief authority" was never more happily or humanely exercised than in the instance recorded below:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 19.

Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, who was implicated with Delia Webster in enticing slaves from Kentucky, several years since, and who had served twelve of a sentence of fifteen years in the Frankfort Penitentiary, was pardoned by Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs, while performing the executive duties during Gov. Bramlette's absence from the State.

The case of Mr. Fairbanks was remarkable for its exhibition of the merciless despotism of slavery, and for the contempt of laws and boundaries which it involved. On a false charge, the victim of slaveholding vengeance was kidnapped in the free State of Ohio, dragged across the river to Kentucky, there mocked with a trial, and consigned to prison for the term above indicated. It was an atrocious occurrence, whether we regard the alleged offence as real, and admit that Mr. Fairbanks lent aid to refugees from the house of bondage, in obedience to human instincts and the divine behests; or, whether we consider the audacity of the Slave-Power on the one hand, and the humiliating submissiveness of an outraged State on the other. Ohio went down on her knees to Kentucky, as Massachusetts had formerly done to South Carolina—each impotent to protect its citizens, white or black, from unconstitutional statutes and from lawless violence. To-day it is Kentucky, and not Ohio, which intervenes to shorten the affliction of the sufferer for righteousness' sake. While Gov. Bramlette is in Washington, seeking to perpetuate slavery by preventing the enrollment of slaves in his fine old neutral State, his Lieutenant-Governor undoes, as far as is possible at this late day, a cruel wrong of the system in the plentitude of its insolent strength. Slavery is no longer in its prime, but men who ought to be champions of liberty are still worshipping the setting sun. Legislators who deny equal suffrage to colored citizens of Montana; who refuse to pay what is just to our colored patriots in the field; and, above all, who vote to retain the most ancient of our Fugitive Slave laws, are possessed of the same spirit which prostrated Ohio in the dust before a slave-aristocracy, and doomed Fairbanks to an incarceration of twelve long, painful, despairing years.—*Independent.*

THE FREEDMEN IN ALABAMA.

From The Philadelphia North American.

WE have heard much of the freedmen of South Carolina, and of the efforts made for their elevation. To-day we have a report from the same class of people in Alabama, and of what is being done for them there, and that by the enterprise and benevolence of Philadelphia. Below will be found a letter from William F. Mitchell, Superintendent of Freedmen's schools in middle Tennessee and northern Alabama. Mr. Mitchell has been sent out by the Pennsylvania Freedman's Relief Association. His business is to organize schools and locate teachers. For this duty he is well qualified by character and experience. He is a member of the Society of Friends; is a brother to Miss Mitchell the astronomer of Nantucket; was formerly a superintendent in Haverford College of this State, and has since had an instructive experience in organizing colored schools in this city. We learn that he is pushing his work vigorously in his new field. He has made arrangements for the establishment of some twenty or thirty schools in Tennessee and North Alabama, and is ready to locate teachers as fast as the Association can supply them. And the Association on the other hand, we learn, is quite as busy selecting and appointing persons suitable for the work. They are intending to send out this week twelve teachers, male and female, and will be wanting a good many more. Thus the work goes on.

DAY DAWN IN ALABAMA.

You may recollect that in a former letter I made mention of an interesting visit to the military post of Stevenson, Alabama. Upon the occasion referred to, the gentlemanly commander of the brigade holding the position received me with much kindness, and upon parting pledged himself to erect immediately a log school of sufficient size to accommodate the 200 children gathered at this point. The 11th inst. was the day appointed for opening a school under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association. Upon arriving at the station, however, I learned that no progress had been made with the building. A press of business had prevented the Colonel from giving it the promised attention. However, an order was immediately given for the Lieutenant of Pioneers to proceed to build a school house under my direction; and when I left, on the evening of the 15th, most of the timber had been felled and drawn to the position selected.

In the meantime, the Assistant Quartermaster, Capt. D. Y. Kilgore, a warm friend of the colored people, proffered me the use of a room hitherto used for storing harness. It was a mere shell, without sashes to the windows, and very frail.

Such as it was, however, I gladly accepted it, and notice was given that the school would open on the morning of the 13th.

Long before the hour appointed, groups of children, in some cases accompanied by their parents, could be seen crossing the parade ground, wending their way to the place of meeting.

At 9 a.m. I arrived, and found nearly one hundred present, seated upon rude benches, in perfect silence. The Bible was opened, but for a moment the stillness was unbroken. In that moment I think I realized the moral grandeur of the purpose of our Association.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

I question whether any congregation of devout worshippers ever lent such attention to the grand words of that beautiful psalm.

The repetition of a little hymn, and a few cheering words, and the day's work began.

The plan pursued was similar to that noticed in my description of the school at Nashville. Wilson's Chart, No. 1, was suspended from a cross of wood, made to stand alone, and the letters and words taught together. After half an hour's exercise of this kind, the card was put aside, and they made an attempt to sing—a feeble attempt, it must be confessed, with sweet voices, wholly untrained. They seemed, too, to have no hymns. Several efforts were made by the older girls to lead the others, but without success; when a lad suggested that they knew "John Brown's Body," and in a moment a powerful male voice led with these strange words:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
Its trampling out its vintage, where the grapes of wrath are strewed,
He has loosed the faithful lightning of his swift and terrible sword,
As we go marching on."

None but those who have witnessed the desolation which follows the advance of a great army could appreciate such language, especially when joined to the melody of such a people.

At intervals they were taught the days of the week, the months of the year, etc., the best of attention and order attending the entire session.

The number increased until on the afternoon of the third day we had 165 in attendance. At this time it was ascertained that thirty-three had learned all the letters and several words. Our place of assembling was then changed to a lower room, the floor of that we had been occupying having warned us of danger. It was built by rebels, and, like their theories, rested upon a weak foundation. The interest increased with the number, and a walk among the cabins in the evening developed the pleasing assurance that the lessons of the day were being repeated at the fireside.

Seldom a day passes in a colored school without some humorous incident, as for instance: in some little talk with the children I used the phrase "common sense." "What does it mean?" I inquired. The reply was prompt and decisive, from a boy of ten—"Not to steal; to behave yourself, and not to cuss and swore."

At the close of the week application was made by a young mechanic for the privilege of assembling with a few of his fellows, on Sabbath morning, to continue a course of instruction which they had inaugurated among themselves. Their request was readily granted, and after announcing that the duties of the school would be resumed early the following week, I returned to my headquarters at Nashville, grateful that, in the order of Divine Providence, it had been my lot to minister to these little ones, who, with their parents, watch the dawning of freedom, scarcely daring to believe that it is the opening of their "year of jubilee."

THE REBEL MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

STATEMENT OF SEVERAL EYE-WITNESSES OF THE HORRID SCENE.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

CAIRO, April 18, 1864.

THE atrocities committed by the Confederate troops at Fort Pillow, on the occasion of the recent massacre, have not been fully spoken of by the representatives of the public press, for the very good reason that with the exception of the two wounded officers now at Mound City hospital, and the wounded privates of the 6th United States (colored) regular heavy artillery, and 13th Tennessee cavalry, no man remains to tell the story. Of course the ideas of the wounded are somewhat confused. I have taken considerable pains to arrive at a clear and unimpassioned understanding of the entire affair, but until yesterday with limited success. Accidentally meeting a gentleman by the name of H. N. Revelle, who lost a brother in the fight, and who was himself a participant, although a civilian, I proceeded to take down as clear a statement as possible of his individual experiences upon that bloody battle field. Mr. Revelle was engaged as clerk in a dry goods store at Fort Pillow when the rebels came and environed the place, and is a man of considerable intelligence and of good reputation as to veracity. He tells me that he is perfectly willing to make affadavit regarding the facts within his knowledge of the occurrences of the 12th inst., and I send you his statement in my own language. The incidents, I assure you, are literally as related by Revelle in his conversation with me, copious notes of which I took at the time.

STATEMENT OF H. N. REVELLE, ESQ.

According to Mr. Revelle, it was about six o'clock on the morning of the 12th, when he was called upon to take arms, with other citizens, in defence of the Fort, against the troops of Forrest, then known to be in force outside the outer works. He remained without the walls of the fort, acting in the capacity of sharpshooter until about 9 o'clock, when all were ordered by Major Booth to retire to the protection of the fortifications. While outside he saw Lieut. Barr fall, pierced by a bullet, also Lieut. Wilson, who, it appears at that time, was only wounded. Both were of the 13th Tennessee cavalry. Their bodies were taken within the walls of the fort. It was about 9½, perhaps a little earlier, when our volunteer took position inside the walls and resumed his musket, firing regularly and with good effect upon the rebels who were now within range.

He had not thus been engaged many minutes when a bullet struck Major Booth, of the 6th Colored Heavy Artillery, then commander of the forces, and he fell, dying almost instantly, the missile having pierced his heart. Mr. Revelle was standing not more than ten paces from the Major. He was not sure that he was dead when taken up and carried away, but he could not have survived many minutes. The firing on both sides at this moment was heavy, the rebels using only their musketry, and the Union forces delivering volley after volley of musketry, and a continuous cannonade from the six or eight guns with which they were provided.

The second flag of truce was brought in by Gen. Forrest, in person, with a number of his staff officers. Forrest demanded an unconditional surrender of the garrison. Major Bradford, of the 13th Tennessee cavalry, having assumed command of the Fort, went out to meet Forrest, conferred with him perhaps fifteen minutes, and replied that he would not surrender. The place of conference was about fifty yards from the breastworks, in a south-easterly direction.

Forrest told Major Bradford, in a bullying manner, that he had better give up, and that if he did not he would show no quarter. It is said that all Bradford asked was one hour's time, in which to confer with the Captain of gunboat No. 7, which was then lying in the river, off the fort, but from the character of the ground entirely unable to render any assistance to the besieged garrison. The request was refused, but for about an hour there was a partial if not complete cessation of active hostilities. The Confederates improved the time to advantage by plundering our deserted encampments and robbing the stores and houses under the hill. They were also all the time carefully disposing their forces about the fort in advantageous positions, protected as they were by the flag of truce.

It is the opinion of my informant, as well as of all with whom I have conversed upon the subject, that Forrest would never have gained the positions he held—which were in fact all he needed to defeat our men—had he not taken advantage of the flag of truce. He had spent about eight hours and lost many men in endeavoring to effect the object, and without perceptible progress or success. This took place at about 1 o'clock p.m.

In about an hour and a half—say 2½ p.m.—as near as the gentleman can remember, he saw a large force coming upon his portion of the fortifications, apparently emerging from the deep ravine at the eastward. It was composed of infantry, and had probably passed down Cold Creek bottoms, out of sight, until coming upon higher ground. These forces charged the works.

Simultaneously with this movement, a body of cavalry dismounted, charged impetuously from the south-of-east, and another as savagely from the northward. The first charge was successful, though from the effective aim of the artillery and musketry of the Union troops, still standing firm and undismayed, was attended with great rebel loss in killed and wounded. The rebels rushed upon the walls, clambered through the deep ditches, mounted the walls, staid not one moment, and dashed headlong within the fort, kept up a continued and galling musketry fire. Coming from all directions, coming like an avalanche, and in many instances where men were unprepared to meet them; coming in a force of five or six thousand, coming upon a small force, resistance was useless.

The current could not be stemmed. Some of our men remained still stubbornly at their posts, determined to sell their lives dearly. Revelle fired two shots into the advancing mass after the walls had been scaled. The colored troops first, the white troops next, dropped their muskets and fled down the hill, hoping to escape in that direction and gain the cover of the gunboat. The whites soon found, as did the poor blacks, that there was to be no quarter shown. All were followed closely, and fiercely, and unrelentingly by the Confederates, from whom a terrible firing was kept up, directed upon the submissive but fleeing garrison. The musketry did not cease; our men had given all tokens in their power of surrender. Yet the murderers continued to slaughter both black and white officers and soldiers engaging with zeal in the horrid work. Revelle, with his comrades, had retreated down the hill, and was secreted, along with Surgeon Fitch, in a sort of ravine, where he saw two white soldiers killed while begging for mercy. They had partially sheltered themselves behind a stump, and waved their white handkerchiefs above it. When they stood upon their feet, with the word "mercy" on their lips, the rebels shot them down.

At this junction a Captain in the rebel service came down and ordered every man to return up the hill or they should be shot. He used emphatic language, strongly flavored with oaths. Revelle, with the rest of the living fugitives, started to march up the hill. They were soon saluted with a concentrated musketry fire, which sadly thinned their unarmed and unresisting ranks. They were compelled to march directly upon the men who, from the brow of the hill, were making targets of them. Of course many were killed. While going up in this manner, the narrator saw many fall dead and wounded. He cannot recall how many, but is positive of three or four being killed.

He also saw negroes killed by pistol shots. One fell at his side. He saw another's brains broken in with a sabre cut. They must all have died. Another, just forward of him, was killed by a blow from the breach of a gun. But they were compelled to keep on up the hill under this fire. Revelle expected each moment to meet his fate with the rest, but fortunately escaped injury.

After being forced to point out the stores to some officers who pillaged the houses of what goods they wanted, my informant, with a citizen by the name of Welden, were conducted by the plundering officers outside the lines and instructed how to escape, with permission to make the attempt. They succeeded.

Mr. Revelle is positive that up to the time of the surrender, or the submission of our men and their throwing away their arms, our entire loss in killed and wounded could not have exceeded fifty, about twenty of whom, he thinks, were among the killed. The balance of the reported wounded of that and the ensuing day—for the rebels returned the next morning and shot every man of our forces found there with a breath of life in his body (as to the number, of course, he is uncertain)—must have been killed and wounded contrary to all the rules governing civilized warfare—or savage either, for that matter.

THE DEATH OF LIEUT. AKERSTROM.

Mrs. Rufin, the wife of Thomas Rufin, a private in the 13th Tennessee cavalry, states that she was at Fort Pillow on Tuesday, the 11th inst., but was removed to the tow-head opposite during the progress of the battle. She remained there until the ensuing morning, when she was taken over to the fort. While passing over the late field of strife, examining the wounded and slain, she found the body of a man stretched upon what appeared to have been the planks once forming the walls of a house. The hands were nailed to the planks, and extended horizontly from the trunk. All were so blackened and charred that she had some difficulty in recognizing the person. But she is positive that the remains were those of Lieut. J. C. Akerstrom, with whom, when alive, she was well acquainted. A little distance from Lieut. Akerstrom's body Mrs. Rufin passed to a ditch where a number of bodies had been hastily buried.

A large collection of bodies seemed to have been hastily tumbled in the hole and loosely covered with earth. She saw several places where, by the movements which had taken place in the soil covering the bodies, she knew the men had not been dead when interred. Holes had been dug with their heads in the endeavor to escape. This testimony is corroborated by a negro at Mound City Hospital, who says he himself dug out of a pit in which the rebels had buried him alive. These things are almost past belief, but are so well attested I must believe them, else discredit what has every appearance of being perfectly authenticated. Mrs. Rufin's account of what she saw on the day after the fight is borne out by statements made by a Mrs. Williams and a Mrs. Johnson, who were also on the spot. They also saw Lieut. Akerstrom's body, but not knowing him, were unable to identify it. I have also taken full notes of the statements of two officers of the 13th Tennessee cavalry, 1st Lieut. Francis A. Smith, and 2d Lieut. Wm. Cleary, from which I produce the following:

STATEMENTS OF TWO OFFICERS.

These officers were not present at the fight on Tuesday, being absent on detached service, but they returned early on Wednesday. Passing over the account of the battle up to the hour of surrender, which agrees substantially with that of Mr. Revelle, I take up the remainder:

The rebels had no sooner entered the fortifications than a scene of terror ensued. There was no retreat. The Confederate forces stationed below the hill cut that off most effectually. Our men were shot down both from the front and the rear. In many instances they were known to beg for life upon their knees, but begged in vain. There was no mercy shown. They were made to stand up only to be shot down.

Capt. Bradford, of Co. A, 13th Tennessee cavalry, was on duty as the signal officer for the gunboat, and was seen with the signal flags in his hand. Forrest immediately ordered him shot. His words were: "Shoot that man with the flags in his possession." And the order was all too soon obeyed. Capt. Bradford fell, fairly riddled with bullets, a full regiment having exhausted their pie

manding to be treated as a prisoner. Five or six poor wounded fellows were discovered by the demons lying behind a log, where they had been carried by their comrades, and a white flag placed above them, and they rushed up and shot each one of them dead. Many negroes jumped into the river to escape, and were shot dead.

After the fort had been in possession of the rebels for some time, and our flag hauled down, the rebels again hoisted it, in order to influence the demons to continue the work of slaughter under the impression that the garrison had not surrendered.

Our informant states that when he had surrendered as mentioned above, the officer first demanded his money, then his boots, then his shirt, and finally took about all the clothes he had on. Next to killing, robbery seems to be the first impulse of the rebels He says he is cognizant of the fact related above of the crucifixion of Lieut. Ackerstrom. As is related, he was taken while wounded, but yet alive, nailed against a building, and the building set on fire! The demons looked on, saw him thus consumed, continually laughing and shouting at the horrid spectacle. The body of Lieut. A. was afterwards seen still nailed to the charred plank, completely burned to a crisp.

Maj. Bradford, who was in command of the fort after the death of Maj. Booth, was wounded and taken prisoner. He was afterward taken into the woods, a short distance from the fort, and hung. Of this there is no doubt. The information of our informant is positive. He is also confident that every negro that was in the fort, whether belonging to the army or not, and every white officer in command of negro troops, has been sacrificed, either by being shot or hung, after being taken prisoner, with perhaps the exception of ten or a dozen who made their escape, and Forrest himself, and all of his officers, boldly asserted that that would be the fate of every prisoner in their possession.

The statement made above is also confirmed by our informant, that many of our wounded soldiers were buried alive by the ruffians. Trenches were dug and the poor victims thrown in without determining whether they were dead or alive. Many of them were dug out of their graves and are now alive.

The next day after the massacre, our informant, in company with another citizen, went to the house of a planter, distant a mile or two from the fort, for the purpose of obtaining food. While there, he was informed by the planter, himself a secessionist, that Forrest stayed at his house the night before, and informed him that his men had already buried three hundred and sixty negroes, and that the last one in the fort would be buried before they left. As there were only four hundred negroes in the fort, there could be but few survivors to this the most fiendish butchery that ever disgraced the world.

STATEMENT OF EDWARD B. BENTON.

[The St. Louis *Democrat* publishes a full account of the massacre, given on oath by Mr. Edward B. Benton, a civilian who was a resident at Fort Pillow at the time of the rebel attack. Mr. Benton escaped to St. Louis, and was there examined by order of Gen. Rosecrans. His testimony fully confirms the previous reports of the barbarous acts committed by the rebels. We copy a portion of this testimony.]

MURDERING OF THE PRISONERS.

Q. Did you see any of these persons formed in line and shot down?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many?

A. They were collected, at least I should think, five or six different times.

Q. How long a line?

A. Well, it was more in a collection than it was properly in a straight line. There was a line probably as long as this room—about thirty or thirty-five feet.

Q. These lines were scattered by rebel shots several times?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. These men were unarmed?

A. Unarmed. *No arms of any description, and held up both hands, begging for quarter.*

Q. Were you put in the line?

A. No, sir, I was not. It was attempted to put me in line, but I clung to a man who tried to shoot me, and I caught his gun and prevented him, and he took my money from me—some seventy dollars—and ordered me into line, raising his gun to strike me; and as I came to the line, the Captain made a feint to strike me with his sword, and told me to give him my pocket-book, which I did, but, as he turned to put in others, I sprung away and clung to this man that had first taken my money. I said to him that he had taken all the money, and he must keep me from being shot like a dog, as I was a citizen, and had nothing to do with the fight. He abused me in every way by bad language, saying that he had fought them like devils, and tried to kill all of Forrest's men, until we came to the back stores, where he gave me a soldier's coat, and told me to wait a moment until he could step in and steal his share. As soon as I was left I took some clothing, a saddle, a blanket and a halter that were there, and started out of the fort as one of Forrest's men. On the way I saw three persons shot—mulattoes and blacks—*shot down singly in cold blood.* I succeeded in getting over the fortifications, and hid under fallen timber, where I remained until dark. After dark I attempted to go towards Hatchie river bottom, but the fallen timber being so bad I got lost and wandered near the Pass No. 2, leading out of the fort, inside of it, where I could see all, where I laid until the next day, about 2 o'clock. *I heard fifty-one or two shots fired singly at different times within the fort during that time, and screams and cheers.*

BLOODHOUNDS ON THE TRAIL.

About 2 o'clock the dogs were getting so close to me that I knew they were on my track.

Q. What do yo mean by the "dogs."

A. Hunting out people everywhere. They have dogs.

Q. They had bloodhounds?

A. Yes, sir. I left the most of my clothing and hastened down a ravine in the timber, and kept on through the ravine till I come to the Coal Creek bottom, some mile and a half, and swam across. I finally succeeded in getting to the island. I had to swim across the river and a bayou. This is all I saw.

BURNING THE PRISONERS.

Oh, I was there at the fort two days after the battle and saw the remains of burnt persons; helped to bury one of the dead that I saw shot in cold blood, lying right where he was left, and saw many of them, white and black, all buried together, and a number three days afterwards not buried.

Q. How many did you see shot in this way?

A. I should think probably about two hundred.

Q. It was an indiscriminate butchery, was it?

A. Yes, sir. There were about fifteen or twenty. All lay close in a pile, huddling close together, shot after they were wounded.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS SHOT BEGGING FOR QUARTER.

Q. Some white soldiers shot after they were wounded?

A. Yes, sir, with the hospital flag flying and they holding white handkerchiefs over their heads. I saw at least ten soldiers shot individually with white handkerchiefs over their heads. They tore off pieces of their shirts—anything they could get.

Q. You say these men were shot in hospital, with flag flying?

A. Yes, sir, lying right down under it—not up walking at all. Every man lying near me was killed—lying close to me and on me. Two lay under because they kept piling right on top, close under the bank. It was just down under the brow of the hill. A great many lying in the water were shot. Trees that were lying one end in the water and the other on the shore they would just go over on the other side of these and hide, and the rebels would go over and shoot them.

SAVAGE TREATMENT OF NEGROES.

Q. Did they shoot your negroes?

A. I understand they did, and burned them all. I understood they took one yellow woman; and two or three boys escaped that I tried to take to the fort with me in the morning to help fight. The balance, a darkey, whose name I do not know, said they were killed and burned in the house.

Q. You didn't go back there then?

A. I didn't go back there; that is only what is told me. It was told to persons that were hid right near, and I saw persons bury the bodies after they were burned.

Q. Where?

A. In the fort, sir.

Q. Burned in the house in connection with the fort buildings?

A. Yes, sir; and out on timber. There was a large number of them buried in the building, but they had been buried the day before.

Q. You say there were five hundred and eighty men, you think, in the fort?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many do you suppose escaped?

A. Well, I know there were more than a hundred. As they marched out there, surrounded by the other troops, I would not think there were fifty of them.

NEGROES BURIED ALIVE.

There are five darkies in Cario hospitals who were burned alive. Two of them have died since they got there.

Q. Did you see any of those men buried alive?

A. No, I didn't, but they are facts that can be easily proved by the darkies themselves, and those who saw it done, and saw the Quartermaster burned, too.

[Mr. Benton is a native of Vermont, but has recently lived in Missouri, engaged in an army beef contract. In July, 1863, he went down to Fort Pillow, where he purchased two hundred and fifteen acres bordering on the river, and a part of this land comprised the fort and its defences. At the time of the attack by Forrest's force he was putting down one hundred acres in cotton.]

RESULT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION.

WASHINGTON, Monday, May 2, 1864.

The Sub-Committee on the Conduct of the War (Senator Wade and Representative Gooch) have returned from Fort Pillow. They took fifty-seven depositions, many of them of persons actually dying or on their death beds from wounds received after they had surrendered, and all of them more than confirming the newspaper accounts of the massacre. The Committee say that it would be impossible to exaggerate the cruelties committed. Among the witnesses who were examined is the negro who was buried alive, and who dug himself out of his own grave. There is no doubt of the fact that one or more persons were nailed through their flesh to pieces of wood, and then burnt alive. Not only on the day of the surrender were such fiendish acts perpetrated, but on the next day, in cold blood. The victims seen by the Committee were some of them pierced and cut in the face and eyes with bayonets and swords, while other parts of their bodies were smashed and disfigured either by steel or lead. Some were blind, having had their eyes punched out by bayonets, and being left to die slowly in darkness. A mere boy had been sabered and crippled, and while on the ground was made a target. Several balls were fired into his body. Wonderful to say, he lived, and, though an arm and a leg have been amputated, will survive. No discrimination was made between whites and blacks, male or female, combatants or non-combatants. Men, women, and children, refugees, contrabands, and surrendered troops, were indiscriminately butchered. The Committee will make their report this week, giving a plain statement of facts and the depositions without comment.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Morning, May 10.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Thirty-first Anniversary in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, at 10 a.m. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President, in the chair. Addresses by GEORGE THOMPSON, WILLIAM HOWARD DAY, and WENDELL PHILLIPS; with appropriate music. A collection will be taken for the Society's treasury.

Tuesday Evening, May 10.

Business Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans at 7½ o'clock.

Wednesday Morning, May 11.

Business Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday Evening, May 11.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Public Meeting for addresses at the Cooper Institute at 8 o'clock. Speakers, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS and GEORGE THOMPSON. Appropriate singing by the distinguished vocalist, JAMES G. CLARK. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

CONGRESS ONCE MORE.

It is an encouraging symptom that the House of Representatives has been driven by the pressure of public opinion from without to agree to the Senate amendment of the Army Appropriation bill, equalizing the pay of colored and white soldiers from and after Jan. 1, 1864. There is still a taint of the old leaven of prejudice and injustice in the difference made in the bounties paid to white and black soldiers. But this may be amended or put right hereafter. So great a measure of justice as awarding to the men who incur the risk of slavery if they escape that of warfare, if taken prisoners, in addition to all the other perils of war, the same monthly pay with their white fellow-soldiers, is a great instalment, and will be accepted by them and their friends as an earnest of their full due. But the distinction still smacks of the old shabbiness, and we trust that Congress will yet see that it can rid itself of this infamy in the eyes of their own countrymen and foreign nations only by putting all the men whom they call to their defense on the same footing. The full measure will be demanded, continual claim will be kept up, the unjust judge will be allowed no peace, until right is done. The recent massacres at Fort Pillow and Plymouth, N. C., make this duty the more urgent, and both in the point of view of absolute justice and of political and military expediency. These massacres put a new face upon the matter of the employment of black troops. Their natural effects on the minds of the negroes, but for the tardy measure of justice just passed by Congress, might have made them more dangerous to friends than foes. If the President do not take prompt and effectual measures of retaliation—a dreadful remedy, but the only sufficient one—it cannot be expected that they will fight as they have done in our cause. The warmest of the advocates of the rights of the negro have never claimed for him a higher character than that of a *Man.* And he must be more than man if he be willing to engage in battle with certain death before him, in case of captivity or wounds, and less than his due behind him, if he should come off unharmed from the battle-field.

It is too soon as yet to condemn the President for slackness in the matter of retaliation for the murders of Fort Pillow and Plymouth. The purpose of the rebels in those atrocities is palpable enough. It is clear that they fully apprehend the vital importance to the nation of the black arm of the service, and they mean to paralyze that arm by these cruelties. They see that our black allies are enough to turn the scale in our favor, even if all other chances were equal, and they mean to make them useless and worse than useless to us. They mean to strike the terror of certain death into their hearts, if they should be wounded or made prisoners, knowing that it is only the very highest order of men that would be nerved and not filled with despair by such a prospect before them. Instead of being the help and support they have been in the hour of battle thus far, they would almost inevitably shrink from the double dangers appointed to them, and be more likely to begin the panic and encumber the rout, than to promote the victory and assist in the pursuit. As we have already said, the President is not to be blamed for his delay, thus far, because he can only act upon assured information; but when that is had, if strict retaliation be withheld, the rebels will see that we do not regard the lives of our black soldiers as we do those of our white ones, and will proceed by their barbarities to make our black contingent as dangerous as elephants in battle. Their confident belief that we would not avenge the murder of our negro soldiers as we should if they were white, was, undoubtedly, a main motive of their enormities. And our treatment of them heretofore in the inferior matters of pay and bounty has certainly helped to confirm them in their ill opinion of us. They never would have dared to commit those flagitious crimes, if they had believed that we regarded the black soldier as the military equal of the white, and that we would avenge the one as we would the other. One ground of this belief Congress has cut away from under them; showing that, as far as military treatment at the hands of their employers is concerned, there is no distinction to be made between them and the other. And the President can show the rebels that black soldiers cannot be murdered contrary to the laws of war without calling down the ample vengeance which those laws enjoin in the bloodiest characters. Though it is strictly no part of the business of Congress, it would surely strengthen the President's hands in this most important work, if both Houses should pass resolutions urging such necessary action, and pledging to him the support of the Nation.

But there is another matter which is most emphatically the business of Congress, and which the country has expected at their hands ere now. It may not be so essential to the very existence of the nation as the equal justice to the black army which we have been urging, but it is hardly less vital to the national honor and the credit of the party in possession of the government. We mean the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave laws, not merely of the infamous act of 1850, but the earlier iniquity of 1793. This test has tried the spirits of the Republicans in the Senate, and has shown how little some of them differ in grain from the Copperheads. Mr. Sumner has done himself infinite honor by the energy and persistency he has shown in urging the lustration of the Statute Book of the nation from every stain and blot put upon it by slavery. Mr. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, by his manly and forcible arguments and appeals in favor of this purgation, has shown afresh how much better an anti-slavery education can be had in a slave State and a slaveholding family than in pro-slavery Northern surroundings. He argues against retaining the odious laws like a statesman, while Mr. Foster of Connecticut quibbles against the entire purification of the Statute Book in the spirit of a County Court lawyer. The law of 1793 must be retained, it was said by him, or somebody, because the Fathers made it! We apprehend that we should have made small progress towards a better state of things had we never ventured to advance beyond the point where they stood. We have all due reverence for the Fathers, but we should be unworthy to be their sons if we did not take warning as well as example from what they did. They permitted the slave trade for twenty years, and they, many of them, engaged in it during those years, but we submit that their example is not good for imitation but for correction and reproof in those particulars. We do not deny, with some Abolitionists, that the framers of the Constitution did mean to protect slavery by what are known as the pro-slavery clauses. But we hold that we are only bound by the strictest letter of the bond. We think that Mr. Sumner gave Mr. Foster an advantage over him in confining himself to the moral aspects of the law for kidnapping. Mr. Foster's fallacy lay in the assumption that it was the duty of Congress to pass such laws because of the last clause of Section II., Article IV. of the Constitution. Now, we conceive there is no ground whatever for this. The clause is not mandatory upon Congress, but probibitory to the States. No person held to service or labor in one State, escaping into another, shall be discharged by the laws of such State, but be delivered up. No State may free a slave flying from another State by its laws. The just inference is that such State is to provide the process by which the claim of the master is to be tried, for the protection of its own citizens. There is no injunction upon Congress to pass such laws. On the contrary, the omission of the Fathers to pass any such law for four years after the Constitution went into operation, shows that they did not recognize any such obligation.

We would entreat the members of Congress who regard the character of their country abroad or value their own reputation and the name they are to leave to their children, to wipe away this smirch from the brow of our common mother. It is in vain to say that it is a dead letter, for hundreds of wretches have been dragged into slavery under it, past the Capitol and the White House, since Mr. Lincoln came in. It is in force and is enforced, and let it be blotted out forever. Much of our ways and doings foreign nations know little about; but this they all understand, and no public action would do Congress and the nation more honor in the eyes of Christendom and Heathendom than this. Let them make haste to do this justice to us all, and their long delays may be forgotten. And we are sure that the few faithful who are found earnest for good works will continue in them,—

"Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land."

EQUAL WAGES FOR BLACK SOLDIERS.

CONGRESS, after a long period of disgraceful hesitation, has so far yielded at last to the demands of justice as to provide for paying black soldiers full wages. That which ought to have been done spontaneously and as a matter of course from the beginning, and which the Radicals have unceasingly demanded, has been done grudgingly and under a strong pressure of public sentiment. We trust the Republican Senators and Representatives who so long refused, on grounds of policy and from a mean prejudice, to do this simple act of justice, have the grace to be ashamed of themselves for having thereby disgraced their country in the eyes of the whole civilized world.

In the Senate, some time ago, the Army Appropriation bill being under consideration, Mr. Wilson moved an amendment embracing the following provisions:

"All persons of color who have been or may be mustered into the military service of the United States shall receive the same uniform, clothing, arms, equipments, camp equipage, rations, medical and hospital attendance, pay, and emoluments, other than bounty, as other soldiers in the regular volunteer forces of the United States, of the like arm of the service, from and after the 1st January, 1864; and that every person of color who shall hereafter be mustered into the service shall receive the same amount of bounty as the President shall order in the different States or parts of States, not exceeding $100.

"Any colored person enlisted and mustered into the service as a volunteer under the call of Oct. 7, 1863, for 300,000 men, who was at the time of enlistment enrolled and subject to draft in the State in which he volunteered, shall receive from the United States the same amount of bounty as was paid white soldiers under said call, not exceeding in any case $100.

"All free persons of color who have been or may be mustered into the military service shall, from the date of their enlistment, receive the same uniform, clothing, arms, equipments, camp equipage, rations, medical and hospital attendance, pay, emoluments, and bounty, as others of the regular or volunteer forces of the like arm of service, and all enlistments in the regular army may be for the term of three years."

On the adoption of this amendment the yeas and nays were as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Brown, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Conness, Cowan, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harding, Henderson, Howard, Howe, Johnson, Lane of Indiana, McDougal, Morgan, Morrill, Pomeroy, Ramsey, Sherman, Sprague, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Van Winkle, Willey, and Wilson—32.

Nays—Messrs. Buckalew, Davis, Hendricks, Powell, and Saulsbury—5.

The bill, thus amended, on being returned to the House, was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, which, on Saturday last, through its Chairman, the venerable Thaddeus Stevens, recommended a concurrence in the amendment. A spirited debate followed, Messrs. Clay (Brutus J.) of Ky., and Holman of Indiana speaking in opposition, and Messrs. Eliot of Mass., Price of Iowa, Stevens of Pa., Kelley of Pa., and Patterson of New Hampshire in favor of the measure. Thaddeus Stevens's remarks are thus reported:

"He did not see any particular reason for excitement. He knew certain gentlemen on the other side who were interested in the institution of slavery would become excited; therefore it was not surprising to him. It was the last convulsive throe of the struggle he had seen for the last twenty years of those who dominated this nation, whom he never expected to see conquered, but hoped to live to see subdued. The groans of the dying and the last agonies of death they witnessed to-day. He did not reproach these gentlemen for the natural convulsive effort to preserve slavery, which he witnessed to-day. The question was whether all the soldiers who wore the livery of the Union and marched under its banner in common with the Army of the Union, and who exposed themselves to battle and death, should be placed on an equality; or whether we were to keep up an unjust distinction. He despised such a distinction between troops in the day of death and battle. Why should they not be paid and clothed alike? Why should not they for an equal reason make a distinction between the soldiers of different nationalities? The colored troops had fought as gallantly and died as freely as their white brethren at Fort Wagner and other places. Mr. Holman would not dare deny it. Universal history showed that they had fought as gallantly and bravely as the white men at their side, and yet this infamous and degrading distinction was to be kept up. Let not the nation for a moment sanction it. Let it not go forth as the opinion of this body that the black and red men are not to be treated like other men who perilled their lives in their country's defence. He admired the conduct of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, who refused to take ten dollars per month, and who marched from their own soil with a magnanimity which would do credit to the best men in Indiana."

Of Judge Kelley's speech we have this sketch:

"He referred to historical facts to show that the first blood shed in Massachusetts prior to the battle of Lexington, was that of Peter Francisca, a negro man, who headed the Boston mob, and that the first blood during this Rebellion, shed in the streets of Baltimore, was that of a negro named Nicholas Biddle, who was a follower of less than 500 men. This might be a mere coincidence. But certainly here were two facts which it became a body of men who believed all men created free and equal, to bear in mind; and it should do something to remove the prejudice which had cursed us within the last three years. Mr. Holman had told the House that negroes never should have been enlisted. Did he not know that we had now 130,000 negro soldiers to fight the rebels who were in arms against our brothers and friends? Were the gentleman's sympathies with white men, with the rebels against the country? Such opposition could come from no other motive. Among other things, Mr. Kelley alluded to the cheers from the white soldiers which greeted the colored troops which recently marched through the streets with Burnside's corps. The rebels murder our black soldiers. They turn to you and cite you as witnesses of the propriety of their conduct. We say the rebels treat them with cruelty, and yet we refuse to give them the equality which their services demand. They cannot fight without pay. It is a disgrace, and our children would blush for us with shame in the future."

After some wriggling on the part of the Copperheads the yeas and nays were taken, with the following result:

Yeas—Messrs. Alley, Allison, Ames, Anderson, Arnold, Baldwin (Mass.), Baxter, Beaman, Blaine, Blair (Western Va.), Blow, Boutwell, Boyd, Brandagee, Broomall, Cobb, Cole, Creswell, Davis (Md.), Dawes, Deming, Dixon, Donnelly, Driggs, Eckley, Eliot, Farnsworth, Fenton, Frank, Garfield, Grinnell, Griswold, Higby, Hooper, Hotchkiss, Hubbard (Iowa), Hubbard (Conn.), Hulburd, Jenckes, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg (Mich.), Kellogg (N. Y.), Loan, Longyear, Marvin, McBride, McClurg, McIndoe, Miller (N. Y.), Morehead, Morrill, Morris (N. Y.), Amos Myers, Leonard Myers (Pa.), Norton, Odell, O'Neill (O.), Orth, Patterson, Perham, Pomeroy, Price, Rice (Mass.), Rice (Me.), Rollins (N. H.), Schenck, Schofield, Shannon, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Thayer, Upson, Washburne (Ill.), Washburn (Mass.), Williams, Wilder, Wilson, Windom—80.

Nays—Messrs. James C. Allen, Ancona, Brooks, Brown (W. Va.), Chandler, Clay, Cox, Dawson, Denison, Eden, Eldridge, Finck, Grider, Hall, Harding, Harrington, Harris (Ill.), Herrick, Holman, Kernan, King, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Leblond, McLoney, Marcy, McDowell, McKinney, Miller (Pa.), Morris (Ohio), Morrison, Noble, O'Neill (Pa.), Perry, Randall (Pa.), Robinson, Rollins (Mo.), Ross, Scott, Smith, Steele (N. Y.), Stiles, Strouse, Voorhees, Whaley, Wheeler, White, Wood, Yeaman—50.

On the same day the *Military* Committee of the House (Gen. Schenck Chairman), having hung back eight weeks, at last decided also to place black and white troops on the same footing.

The measure passed as above makes no provision, however, for the equal pay of colored soldiers in the service previous to the first of January last; but the Attorney General having, at the request of the President, on a case made up by Gov. Andrew, considered the whole question, has given an opinion that, under the laws of Congress existing before the passage of the amendment above recited, the colored soldiers in the military service of the United States, and all of them, are entitled to full pay—that is, to the same pay as white soldiers—from the date of their muster-in. In other words, the United States, by the decision of the chief legal adviser of the government, stand indebted to every colored soldier in the difference between seven dollars and thirteen dollars a month for their terms of service respectively. We shall publish the opinion of the Attorney General next week.

WELCOME TO GEORGE THOMPSON IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

MR. THOMPSON, as our readers are already informed, has lately addressed large and intelligent audiences in Syracuse, Auburn, and Rochester. Of his first speech in Syracuse we find a report in *The Journal*, which, with some slight abreviations, we copy, as follows:

SPEECH IN SYRACUSE, APRIL 19.

MR. PRESIDENT: In rising, sir, to address you and this large and intelligent assembly of the citizens of Syracuse, I am tempted to inquire whether it were with intention, or by accident, that I received an invitation to be present on this particular day—on this, the 19th of April—one of the most eventful days in the wonderful history of the great American Republic! If the invitation which is the cause of my appearing here upon this memorable day were intentional, then is the honor which it confers upon me greatly increased; for it associates me with occurrences of national importance, which will live in the memory of the people of this country forever. If the choice of this day has been accidental, then I deem it singularly fortunate, for me, that it should have been selected; for where is the man, the noblest feelings of whose soul are not kindled within him by the recollections which the recurrence of this day awakens! (Applause.)

Sir, eighty-nine years ago—on the 19th of April, 1775—on Lexington Common, in the State of Massachusetts, a band of patriots—few in number, and still more contemptible in military resources—but mighty in the strength of a fixed and holy purpose, nobly dared to array themselves in arms against the power of Great Britain. It was that heroic band that so nobly acted their part in the first scene of that long and bloody national drama, which closed but with the accomplishment of your glorious Revolution (applause).

True it is, that in the terrible conflict that then commenced, those who bore the arms of my own dear and honored country were discomfited. But, sir,

Udi Libertas, ibi Patria—

Where Liberty dwells, there is *my* country (applause). I have long since learned that the heaven-bestowed rights of humanity are more sacred than the claims of any national organization. I cannot adopt the motto of those who say, "Our country, right or wrong." When the men of Lexington bared their breasts to the bayonets of England's troops, *my* country was in the wrong, and the men of Lexington were in the right; and my motto is, "May Heaven defend the right!" England, by the assertion of arbitrary power, was endeavoring to oppress the loyal people of her American Colonies. The men of Lexington patriotically exposed their lives in resistance to oppression, and in defence of rights not only inherited from God, but guaranteed them by the principles of Magna Charta, and confirmed to them by the Bill of Rights. In common with the subjects of the British government, everywhere, they had a right to say—"Taxation without Representation is Tyranny." Sincerely as I love my country, I can rejoice in the victory achieved by your revolutionary fathers, and in the establishment of your majestic Republic. Long may that Republic live! (Prolonged applause.) May every weapon formed against it, whether domestic or foreign, perish! (Renewed applause.) At this moment—

"Humanity with all its fears,
And all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on its fate."

Loyal and patriotic citizens of America! Be but faithful to the principles for which your fathers fought and bled at Lexington; be but faithful to the God that covered your heads in the day of battle, and gave you the victory over your enemies, and has made you a great people, and has given you, in this grand and goodly land, "all things richly to enjoy," and then, all will be well. Then,

"Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the waves, not of the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale." (applause.)

But it is not alone the memory of Lexington that stirs your hearts to-day. This day is consecrated, not only by the blood of those who fell in the first battle for American Independence, but by the blood of those who fell in the streets of Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861. On this day, three years ago, an act was committed in the chief city of Maryland, which indicated that a civil war in this country had become inevitable. In the year 1775, the blood of the citizens of Massachusetts, shed at Lexington, baptized and inaugurated the cause of national independence. In the year 1861, the blood of the citizen soldiers of Massachusetts, shed in Baltimore, baptized and inaugurated the present sublime struggle for Union and universal Liberty (loud applause). On this day, three years ago, the Sixth Massachusetts regiment of United States Volunteers, on their way to the defence of the National Capital—then threatened with capture by the slaveholding traitors of the South—were assaulted, and several of that gallant corps were murdered. Then, in reality, began the present wide-spread, devastating and sanguinary war—a war which never can give place to a true, a substantial and a lasting peace, until the hateful cause of it shall have been utterly and forever extirpated, and the foundations of your Republic, in all its grand proportions, are relaid upon the broad, the deep, and, may I not say, divine basis, of the equal and inalienable rights of all men (applause).

It has been said that the blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the Church. It may be said that the blood of the heroes who perished in the streets of the Monumental City, on the 19th of April have proved the seed of regeneration and liberty in Maryland. Almost every day of my sojourn on these shores produces some event which indicates the progress of that blessed revolution in popular sentiment, of which your country is the grand and inspiring scene.

On the 22d of February, 1861, your justly esteemed President (applause), then in the city of Harrisburg, the political capital of Pennsylvania, had information of a plot formed to assassinate him on his way to Washington, there to be inaugurated Chief Magistrate of the Republic. This wicked design was to have been carried into execution in the city of Baltimore. Mr. Lincoln averted the fate which traitors had intended for him, by returning to Philadelphia, and taking the midnight sleeping cars to Washington—where he arrived in safety on the morning of the 23d. Twenty-four hours ago, and but three years from the time when murderous and wicked men would have taken his life, your President stood in the midst of an immense assembly, gathered within the walls of the Baltimore Institute, to assist at the inauguration of the great Sanitary Fair of Maryland, for raising funds for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of *the loyal* UNION *Army* (great applause). The man whose life, three years ago, was in danger in that city, was last night greeted with acclamations, loud and long continued, by a brilliant assemblage of the citizens. Well might his Excellency exclaim—"Truly, the world moves" (applause). "At the commencement of the war (he observed), Union soldiers could not pass through Baltimore; but now, we have this large assembly brought together to do them honor, and to provide for their wants and comfort." The President also referred to the fact that Maryland was about to amend her State Constitution, with a view to the entire abolition of slavery, and the establishment, everywhere within her borders, of a system of free labor (applause). "Man proposes, but God disposes," was the appropriate comment of the President upon these cheering facts.

I congratulate you, sir, and this large audience, upon the vast, the almost incredible rapidity with which events are now moving towards that consummation so devoutly to be wished—*the freedom of this land from slavery* (applause.) Until three years ago, the United States presented to the contemplation of the rest of the world the spectacle of a mighty people, exulting in the possession of a larger amount of freedom than had ever before been exercised by any nation; yet, amongst them, and enslaved by them, were more than four million of immortal beings—so cruelly oppress, that they might have desired, as their greatest blessing, that a conquering army might land upon their shores, and by subjugating their tyrants deliver them from their chains.

Had the people of this free, glorious land never known the blighting and corrupting influence of slavery, or could they have risen up some morning free from the frightful incubus and oblivious to its previous existence; and had they then been directed to the fact of the existence of a similar system in some other country, and had they gazed upon it in the light of their own immortal Declaration of Independence, their democratic republican institutions, and their Christian faith, they would, in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, have pronounced it the *ne plus ultra* of Satanic villany (applause). Their condemnation of the guilty perpetrators of so flagitious an outrage upon the natural and inalienable rights of man would have known no bounds, and they would have held up to the world's execration the monsters who in the nineteenth century bid defiance to the living God by making merchandise of his rational and redeemed children (applause).

Yet, in the Southern portion of this country was permitted to exist—sheltered and protected by the Constitution, and for more than fifty years, virtually, by the rulers of the nation—a confederacy of men whose stock in trade was human beings, and their helpless progeny. While other men were rich in fields and farms and flocks and herds, these men counted their wealth by the number of those who trembled at their glance, and the capacity of their human beasts of burden to increase and multiply. They reared children as others did sheep, or calves, or poultry. They put infancy and youth, purity and beauty up at auction and sold them to the highest bidder. They even sold their own offspring, and exposed "the best blood in America" in the human flesh shambles of Virginia and the Carolinas (sensation). On the slave plantations of the South, the only motive to labor was the fear of the lash, which was every moment suspended over the body of the victim. In the condition of the American slave, there was not one ingredient to lighten or to sweeten his daily toil. In your own free North—

"The peasant who fulfils
His unforced task, when he returns at even,
And by the blazing pine-log meets again
Her welcome for whom all his toil is sped,"

feels himself richly rewarded for the exertion of his sinews, and murmurs not against the decree which ordains that man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. But not so the slave on the plantations of the South. It was not for himself, or for the wife and children, though never so dear to him, that he was doomed to labor, but for a sordid and brutal tyrant. He was fed as the brutes that perish; his hire was kept back by fraud; he toiled to raise an unshared harvest; he fainted beneath his enforced task, that some voluptuous lord might live in sloth, and revel in licentiousness. Thus was a being, deathless as his haughty owner, fast hammered to the galling oar for life (applause).

Thank Heaven! this state of things is passing away, and another and a brighter era dawns on your beloved country (cheers). Thank Heaven! the chains of the North are at length broken—the enchantment is dissolved, the spell is broken, the North is free. "The giant stands erect at last" (great applause). The Union has not been broken up by the North, but by the South. The South has done it all, and is the sole author of the destruction of that "peculiar" but inhuman institution, which the Slave Power would make constitutional, perpetual and universal (applause).

Permit me to say, there is *one* union which I trust will never be restored. It is that union which aforetime has subsisted between the freemen of these Northern States, and the oppressors of their species in the South. A union which tended only to humiliate, debase, corrupt and enslave the people of the North. A union of the friends of free institutions, and education, and Bibles, with the friends of despotism, ignorance licentiousness and irreligion. A union in Church and State, in trade and commerce, in politics and piety, with the inventors of lynch law—the border ruffians of Missouri—the land pirates of Texas—the fillibusters of Cuba—the negro-burners of Mississippi—the spoliators of Mexico—the murderers of John Brown—the pervertors of the Word of God—the revivers of the accursed slave trade—the worshippers of king cotton—the guilty accomplices with Floyd, and Mason, and Wigfall, and Toombs, and Jefferson Davis (applause). Let *this* Union be dissolved for ever. Let the future Union be a union of honest men; of men who shall be worthy of the high mission entrusted by God to this republic, that of spreading the principles of liberty to the ends of the earth (long continued applause).

Such a Union you have it in your power now to form, and found, and perpetuate. It is now within your grasp. The finger of Providence points that way. Every day's events are hastening it. The slave States themselves are groaning for it, and inviting you to achieve it—nay, are emancipating themselves. Onward, then, in the great work (cheers).

"So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain,
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train:
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call—"Praise God, for we are Free!" (Great applause.)

—Mr. Thompson proceeded to explain the state of feeling in England heretofore and now, in regard to the American struggle; but as his statements on this head were, necessarily, in substance, such as he has made in other speeches already published in our columns, we omit this portion of the report.

SPEECHES IN ROCHESTER.

Mr. Thompson spoke twice in Rochester. Of his first address we had a brief account last week from a correspondent. How he was received and what impression he made on the people of that city may be inferred from what follows:

From The Rochester Evening Express, April 28.

The people of this city have during the past two evenings enjoyed the opportunity of listening to one of the greatest men and most eloquent orators of England, and we are sure that the audiences which have been present have appreciated it. Some of those who heard Mr. Thompson on his previous visit to this country, say that his voice and vivacity of manner, the fire and vigor of his earlier years have measurably failed, but it is yet easy to recognize in his speeches those qualities which have made him one of the most eloquent champions of human rights which the age has produced. It also seemed to us, who never heard him until the present occasion, that perhaps if he had lost some of the fire and impetuosity of youth, he had more than compensated for it by the additional ripeness and mellowness of soul, giving him clearer views of high spiritual and moral truths, such as we always find in really good men, as they approach the confines of the other world. Mr. Thompson's eloquence is in fact, as we now judge it, remarkable for consisting mainly in this moral clearsightedness, which gives him such power over his hearers. Not that he has not the fullest command of all the resources of oratory. His manner and diction are pleasing, and his argument most powerful and convincing, while of the rhetorical light arms of sarcasm, humor and invective he has evidently a full supply. Yet after all Mr. Thompson's oratory results not from these, but from the power he has of elevating his hearers to a more elevated plane, so that they are able to see higher moral truths. Thus he does not merely change opinions, by his arguments, but he elevates the character of his hearers as well, by the magnetism of a really great and good soul. Mr. Thompson is really great, from his intellectual qualities alone; if he were devoting them to bad ends instead of good, his oratory and clearness of thought and expression would still make him a remarkable man; but now, all those powers, great as they are, are fairly illuminated by the preëminent GOODNESS and nobleness of character which shines through and suffuses them all. It is high praise for Mr. Thompson, and no man better deserves it than he, that great as he is in intellectual power, he is greatest of all in his noble self-sacrificing labors for human welfare, prompted solely by the innate goodness of his heart.

Mr. Thompson's lecture last night was devoted to a history of the progress of liberal sentiment among the English people, mainly with reference to its relation to this country, though, of course, the opponents of progress there are those who sympathize with the rebellion, while the friends of progress are the friends of Freedom and with equal unanimity our friends. The English people may aptly be divided into two classes as here of Unionists and Copperheads; those who desire the perpetuation of the Republic and the downfall of slavery, and those who desire the success of the rebellion. The first comprised the great body of the people, almost all the poorer classes and the commonality, while the aristocracy and ruling classes as a body sympathized with the rebellion, and their organ was the London *Times*. Mr. Thompson gave this paper a most severe excoriation, representing it as the organ of all that was arrogant and mean, all that was aristocratic, as well as the lowest classes, by making its innate selfishness a standard by which to judge events, so that the meanest, most ignorant, stupid and narrow-minded person, never having a thought of anything outside of himself would exclaim after reading it, "Them is my sentiments!" (Laughter.

violent McClellan man. But he has come round since, and so far, that he remarked the other day that he was inclined to believe that the issuance of the proclamation would be regarded in the future as one of the most important events of the century!"

THE WOMEN'S LOYAL LEAGUE.

LETTER FROM MRS. C. H. DALL.

No. 70 WARREN AVENUE, BOSTON, May 2.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE received from the President of the Women's Loyal League a letter inviting me to their Anniversary Meeting, at the Church of the Puritans, in New York, on the 12th of May. There is not a word in the printed call sent with this letter to which my heart and brain do not ardently respond, unless it be the appeal to the "Women of the Republic to make themselves a *power for freedom* in the coming *Presidential Campaign*." But in the private letter itself and in all the letters which reach me, concerning the purpose of this meeting, there is so much of what seems to me serious mistake, prophetic of what may be lasting injury to women themselves, that I feel bound to use whatever influence my name may possess, to arrest those who may be hurried by social instinct, excited feeling, or even their own holiest aspiration, into steps their cooler judgment will regret. To the women of the League, then, I appeal. Most truly do I believe that it is woman's duty to interest herself in all national questions; to inform herself as to the operation of all government measures; to criticize unsparingly the man and the legislation in their moral relations; to infuse into the politics of the people a purer faith; above all, I would have every woman's name a *power for freedom* in the land, but not especially for this or any Presidential campaign. If we are faithful to our very uttermost, every moment of our lives, we shall have small need to sound such a reveillé in an emergency. The country has always needed us; it does not need us at this moment more than at any moment of the past, and if it did, we can offer it nothing better than we have striven for with religious purpose through all that past. Woman should *interest* herself in all national questions, I have said, but I do not say that upon these questions she should *dictate*. God preserve me from counselling her to that. If the women of the advance owe one duty to their country more than another, it is the duty of *modest* service in this hour of her trial. It is incumbent upon them more than upon any to take no step for mere heroism's sake which prudence, experience and the thoughtful wisdom of men shall not be able to justify. Am I wrong, then, when I say that I should grieve to have the approaching anniversary turned into an electioneering caucus, where all that disgusts us in political strategy shall be repeated, and where those who have had no experience of the actual conflict, no long patience with the perplexities of the Executive Chair, no far insight into the *possibilities* of this hour of retribution, shall hoist a party standard, proclaim a party purpose, and forfeit forever a moral stand-point which is *fully* their own? Bear with me, my sisters, as noble men would bear, if I stood among them, contending for a principle or warning against a danger. Years of experience of civil power have not yet taught men the best way to govern. We women are safer only so far as we adhere to the moral aspects of government. A narrow, illiberal utterance in the face of a great nation, in a moment of great peril, will throw us back a century in all that is essential to progress. What would I have, do you ask me? Let me answer for myself and you. Four years ago, who could have guessed what man was to sit in the Presidential chair? Through the uncertainties of politicians, through the quarrels of demagogues, God safely led an honest and humble man to that perilous seat. A man who had committed himself to nobody, who had pledged himself to nothing; thankful indeed might we be that the nation furnished such an one. Had you or I been asked at that moment whom we would place there, we should have cried out with one voice for Fremont. In our strong anti-slavery feeling, it would have seemed to us that the nation was ready to sustain him. Had he led us to an easy victory over the rebel forces, what should we have gained? Nothing. The first condition imposed upon our fallen brothers would have been tinged with compromise, and slavery would have smiled blandly in the chieftain's face. It is through defeat, mortification, repulse and death that this nation is marching to its apotheosis. To him who looks upon "a thousand years as one day" the way seems short—to us it seems weary and long. Anna Dickinson spoke the truth when she said that God had given no great controlling leader for our emergency, because He was determined to educate the people. Let us learn our lesson patiently. Do not let us women forget that He makes no mistakes, but by faithful duty make sure that we lead to none. We have been trained as a nation by battle and sorrowful endurance far above the point of compromise. It seems to me that President Lincoln pauses before the gathering of all his forces to make sure of popular support. Let him presume one moment beyond his actual power, and an insurrection of Northern conservatism must complicate the Southern rebellion. My impatient heart has been by no means satisfied with all that he has done. I groaned inwardly over the suppression of Fremont's edict of emancipation. I have writhed under the mistaken policy pursued in Missouri and New Orleans. My own veins shed their dearest drops for the noble Colonel of the 54th Massachusetts, and the colored standard-bearer who kept that Colonel's honor bright, but from time to time, calm, simple words, spoken in homely phrase, have shamed me into silence or nerved me into patience, and I fully believe that the man who bears all these terrible responsibilities knows better than I can what it is right for him to do; and if I could replace him in that chair by the lifting of my finger, I should not dare to do it. I have mentioned this feeling about Lincoln, because it seemed to me honest to do so, *not* because I should wish you to take political position on his behalf more than on that of any other. It is the position I deprecate, not the candidate; let this be distinctly understood. Let me hear that you criticize men and manners in their moral relations sharply. Do your utmost to educate the anti-slavery sentiment of the people, but as a convention of women stand on this high ground. Do not commit yourselves to unlimited laudation of any man, whether it be Lincoln or another; nominate no candidate, but teach the nation what to demand of either or both. Lincoln has taken the first step toward universal freedom. Instruct the moral sense of the public until it forces Congress to equal or surpass him. It will find him or his successor ready to endorse a far more radical bill than it will be likely to present. The difference between the wise man and the fool is, that the wise man always knows what it is fit that he should do, while fools rush in "where angels fear to tread." In an emergency like the present, I want women to show themselves worthy of the position I claim for them, and let their public action indicate at once a lofty motive and a wise discretion. Is it too much to ask? A Garrisonian Abolitionist for the last twenty years, as most of you have been, I have by choice withdrawn myself from all those political arenas, which would fit me for a sound judgment of men, at a moment which involves in its issues the ravelled skein of the last thirty. Mr. Garrison's own position at this moment seems to me a truly noble one; so broad and comprehensive as to wipe out forever the old charge of bigotry and fanaticism once raised by the people. In the letter which I have received, two men are named as possible candidates for the Presidency. Fremont has long had my love and honor as a man; what he would be as Chief Magistrate I cannot guess; but surely no freer from personal ambition and selfish motives than the man who holds the position now. Small politician as I am, and entirely unable to guess the strength of his friends, I can see clearly that no man should be named for this office who cannot command the nation. With the name of the second General I shall not soil my paper. Every woman's instinct ought to tell her in his presence the story of his life. An intellectual conviction, even on the subject of slavery, is not all that is needed for the Presidency in 1864. A pure life and a moral purpose is needed also. The extraordinary administrative talent which this man undoubtedly possesses is only one reason the more for keeping him out of the highest places. In the letter which I have received, I am told that certain women are opposed to the "two term principle!" This sounds very much like the old cry of the spoiler, "Rotation in Office." Oh, my sisters! you should be opposed to nothing but a bad principle in power. A great deal is gained in perilous times, by keeping old servants at their posts. Surely women and housekeepers should know this. If you are wise, have you not often in a domestic emergency doubled the wages of some faithful dependent, bought off the impatience of a kitchen sweet-heart, or favored the failing health of a capable nurse, to avoid the risk and misery of a change of hands at such a moment? Is this change less critical in our great national homestead, the responsibilities of which seem too vast for one man's brain to bear? And what necessity exists for the perilous risk? My letter states that Abraham Lincoln has proved himself incompetent to his post. Has he so? The slaveholder hates him, the slave blesses him, and the Northern Secessionist is at this moment glad to see the Republican party splitting up for different candidates, because he hopes to be relieved of Lincoln. "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." Does not your President stand ready to do the utmost that your nation will permit? Of what use to change your puppet? It is far better to control the wires. It seems to me that it would be an unspeakable blessing, if no vote needed to be cast during the war, that no diversion of interest might interfere with the one great question. I hear a great deal said about the jokes with which our President diversifies his talk, about the homely manners which repel our fine ladies. As a nation, we are an intelligent, but not a cultivated people. Mr. Lincoln fairly represents our average attainment, and he has never written a letter which the humblest of his constituents cannot understand. Perhaps if we prayed for him more we should criticize him less. Æsop told some stories, and his homely wisdom has kept his name alive. Our Divine Master knew little of classic lore, or historic legend, but the lily of the valley, the sower at his work, or the bridegroom in the Jewish street tempted his simple story. In conclusion, let me beseech you to forfeit none of the honor you have gained by any intemperate expression of feeling in regard to matters practically beyond your reach. You have moral power—use it. I believe in Woman's citizenship. If you and I sat together in the General Court, I think we might safely vote upon the practical questions at issue, but I at least should wish to have an experience of some years before I held an office or irrevocably decided upon any man's *purely political* fitness for it. Moral character would be the only test of which I should feel sure. I am often asked why I do not address audiences of women upon political questions. I can say in simple truth that I have never desired to do so. I would gladly speak to *men* on *moral* issues; but I am proud of our women—they have done nobly. "Res non verba" is the motto on my seal. I have been glad to remember it as I have been made to feel how much better are their deeds than my words. This is a time for doing, not talking. I can pray with sincerity that there may never be need of me again; yet, I think if I could have come to you, I should have been compelled to speak, but with more heat and less wisdom, perhaps, than I could write. I am not anxious at this moment about woman's influence. It is almost the only thing felt in the land. Only let it be fully exercised. An unauthorized interference never produces any good result. To work well politically, woman must not only possess opportunities of political education not yet given her, but she must win the consent of those she is to work with; a consent not yet accorded. I am anxious that you women who are mostly what have been called "Women's Rights Women" should so move at this moment as to have the complete sympathy of every loyal woman in the land. If you become active political partisans, you cannot have this. If you are sure this is your duty, it is no matter whether you have this sympathy or not, but make sure, I beseech you. Do not consent to lose influence without gaining power. A woman may safely stand alone, if she stand on the right. Then, indeed, she is stronger than a thousand. Do not seek responsibility God has not conferred. In these terrible days it comes fast enough, only be wise to wield and bear it. Whoever he be that sits in the White House, he should have, I think, the tender pity of women, and from the length and breadth of the land he should hear never their murmurs—sometimes, often if need be—their moral rebuke—their stern "Stand, and deliver"; but above all he should feel their firm, unwavering support of his every effort towards the solving of the great question of the practicability of an advancing civilization.

You have borne with me, I know, for I love and honor you. If I speak too hotly, it is only because I would also serve you. Faithfully for the right,

CAROLINE H. DALL.

THE VOICE OF ROCHDALE, ENGLAND.

MR. GREENING, the signer of the letter published below and covering the resolution adopted at Rochdale, is the Secretary of the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society, a young man of great promise, who has most ably argued the American question with the advocates of the Secession party. He is indefatigable in his labors as a public speaker at Union and Emancipation meetings, and with his pen as a controversialist in the newspapers. His labors are gratuitous.

To T. H. BARKER, *Esq., of the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society.*

MY DEAR BROTHER: In sending the following resolution to GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., will you assure him for me that at all our meetings I now find the name of President Lincoln to be the key-note for a manifestation of popular enthusiasm, which shows how thoroughly our working-men identify him with the cause of Liberty they love so well and faithfully. Mr. Lincoln may hope to live to find himself recognized on both sides of the Atlantic by the title given him by Garibaldi, "Liberator of the slaves of America."

Yours, E. O. GREENING.

Crowded Public Meeting at Rochdale, March 7, 1864.

The Mayor, JAMES STOTT, Esq., in the Chair.

Moved by Rev. John Harley, seconded by Rev. Reuben Seddon:

Resolved, That this meeting hereby records its sympathies with President Lincoln in his endeavors to maintain the Federal Union of America, believing that its disruption would prove a calamity to the cause of freedom and to the interests of civilization.

That this meeting further expresses its gratitude to President Lincoln for having procured the liberation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, interdicted slavery in the Territories, enforced the laws against the African slave trade, proposed to purchase the liberty of all slaves in the loyal States, and as Commander-in-Chief of the forces, proclaimed unconditional freedom to all bondsmen of the Rebel States.

That this meeting is also desirous that he may continue his noble efforts until a safe and enduring peace be established on the basis of the complete Emancipation of every slave in the American States.

AMEND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE Women's National League have just sent out, all through the States, FIFTEEN THOUSAND Petitions, with an appeal to have them filled up and returned as speedily as possible.

The Bill to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit the holding of slaves in any part of the country has passed the Senate. Now comes the struggle in the House. If every one of the fifteen thousand persons—at least ten thousand of them ministers—will but gather up one hundred or more names, A MILLION-VOICED PETITION may yet pour into the Representatives' Hall; and such a voice from THE PEOPLE cannot but make sure the vote, and leave the Bill ready for the President's signature, and Congress disposed to recommend that a special session of each State Legislature be called immediately to act upon the question; and thus the hateful thing, SLAVERY, be buried out of sight before the opening of the Presidential campaign.

Let the petitions be mailed to Washington, direct, to some member, or to Hon. Thos. D. Eliot, Chairman of Committee on Slavery and Freedmen. *There is not a day to be lost.* LET ALL WORK.

☞ Form of Petition now sent out by the Women's League:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of ———— believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

"J. H." is informed that we have his letter from Chattanooga on file for publication. We have tried to make room for it for two or three weeks, but failed. It will not spoil in keeping.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1864.

THE tide sets strongly against us in the opening of the Spring campaign, and I notice many sober faces among the leading men of Congress and the government. It is not strange, for within six or eight weeks we have lost nearly ten thousand good soldiers, and the rebels have gained some exceedingly important victories. Some of our radical friends express the belief that God is again chastising the nation because our rulers are so backward to deal justly by the negro. Mr. Seward declared at Baltimore, a few evenings since, that he loved his country better than liberty for either white or black man. It is the old docrine of "my country, right or wrong." He said in effect, "I love my country better than my God." There is general disgust felt here in political circles at Mr. Seward's speech. No doubt he meant well, but his remarks are liable to misinterpretation abroad, and in truth it is difficult at home to put a respectable interpretation upon them. Mr. Seward has warm anti-slavery friends here, who insist that he is as strong an enemy to slavery as he ever was, and that he is simply using diplomacy. He speaks and writes always for effect upon the people, they say, and he must be judged by his *general* course, and not by any particular speech or dispatch. The Baltimore speech of the Secretary of State is looked upon here as a "Conservative" defence of the President—as a bid for "Conservative" votes, and especially as a sop for Kentucky, to soothe her for the enrolment of her slaves. Mr. Seward says he loves the Union men of the border States and will take their advice. He will then certainly heed Winter Davis and his associates, for three-fourths of the loyal men of Maryland to-day are Radicals. In reading Mr. Seward's speech one is inclined to think that the country may be drifting towards another great disaster. It gives evidence that the government is not entirely honest and just in its treatment of the black race. The people, however, are more right than the government on this subject, and if their desires respecting the colored troops were accomplished, no distinction in pay would be permitted for another day in the service.

There was a very exciting scene in the House on Friday afternoon upon the allegations of Blair, Brooks and others against certain officials in the Treasury Department. Mr. Brooks was not in order in his remarks, for another subject was before the House, but it struck me that certain Republicans were altogether too much inclined to stifle debate and to prevent investigation. Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania and some other members of the House seem determined that there shall be no investigation of the charges against the Treasury Department, and I cannot believe that Mr. Chase thanks them for their zeal in this respect. He certainly does not shrink from an investigation, and some of his indiscreet friends act as if they thought him to be guilty. It is not true, however—the friends and the enemies of Mr. Chase agree upon one point, that *he* is inflexibly honest. It is quite possible that bad men have deceived him, and whether it is so or not, it would be better to court investigation rather than appear to shun it.

Senators Sumner and Fessenden indulged in a very bitter personal debate in the Senate one day last week. If I recollect aright, it was upon the National Bank bill. The Senate was somewhat surprised at the depth of feeling exhibited by both of these distinguished gentlemen on the occasion referred to. Mr. Fessenden is rather conservative—Mr. Sumner is decidedly radical, and this applies to many of the questions of the day. Mr. Fessenden is a very cautious man, but one of the ablest, probably *the* ablest in the Senate. But he is *timid* as well as cautious, sometimes subjecting himself to the charge of cowardice. Mr. Sumner has his faults. He is sometimes dictatorial and overbearing, but it is because he is so much in earnest. His faults are those of a vehement man—Mr. Fessenden's those of a timid man. I was amused at a little passage between Messrs. Chandler and Fessenden. As it is short, I will quote it:

Mr. Chandler—The Senator from Maine dwells largely upon practical business knowledge, and he seems to sneer at practical business knowledge. I tell that Senator that if he had a little more of it on his committee it would be better for his committee.

Mr. Fessenden—Undoubtedly. I agree to that. We made a great mistake in not having the Senator from Michigan upon it; but we get along very well notwithstanding.

Mr. Chandler—I have nothing to say about that. The Senator from Michigan can stand upon his own merits.

Mr. Fessenden—I believe he is the only Senator who boasts of having a practical knowledge every time he addresses the Senate.

Mr. Chandler—The Senator from Maine has lectured this body about enough, not only on practical knowledge, but about its business and general conduct. For my part I have got about enough of his lecturing, and I will thank him to lecture somebody else next time.

It is a fact that Mr. Fessenden knows how to "lecture" a brother Senator equal to any man in Congress. He does the work most admirably, and generally the men whom he lectures deserve all the castigation they receive, but not always. But I notice that he almost always lectures his friends, and very rarely the enemies of the government, who sit upon the Opposition benches. Still, Mr. Fessenden is a true man, and a great man, and it is a pity that two such intellectual giants as Fessenden and Sumner should be unable to get along without a personal collision in the Senate.

The President's communication respecting his appointment of Frank Blair to the command of the 17th Army Corps does not satisfy the Radical members of the House, nor does it satisfy any honest member, for it is evasive and scarcely "honest," though it does come from a man who has a world-wide reputation for his honesty. The President says that Blair had an understanding with him that he was to have his military rank again. Why, then, did not the President take the only manly, honest course before him, namely, to nominate him to the Senate as a Major-General? It is the poorest of pettifogging to argue that after spending a Winter in Congress the President can revoke his acceptance of the resignation and consider him in the army.

The House on Saturday passed the Army Appropriation bill, containing an amendment raising the pay of colored troops to $13 per month from and after Jan. 1, 1864. At last justice has been accorded to the colored troops. The Senate agreed to the measure a long time ago, but the House has been so busy with the Tax bill, and its debate upon the proposition to expel Mr. Long, that it could not attend to this most important act of justice. The Senate put an amendment upon the Army Appropriation bill and sent it down to the House, saying in effect, "Now you will have to do justice to the negro soldier before you provide for the payment of the white regiments!" The House agreed to it, and the bill passed as amended. At last the loyal newspapers of the country can chronicle the fact that black troops are paid the same wages as white! AVON.

THE BUTCHER OF FORT PILLOW.—That sterling friend of the anti-slavery cause, Elias Smith, in one of his letters to *The Tribune* from Knoxville, Tenn., shows in what school the infamous butcher of Fort Pillow received his education. Mr. Smith says:

"These Forrests, the oldest of whom, Gen. Bedford Forrest, has by this and other atrocities obtained such a record of infamy, were all negro-traders. There were four brothers—Bedford, who kept a negro pen for five years before the war on Adams street, in rear of the Episcopal Church, Memphis; John, a cripple and a gambler, who was jailor and clerk for Bedford; Bill Forrest, an extensive negro-trader at Vicksburg; and Aaron Forrest, general agent and soul-driver to scour the country for his other brothers. They accumulated large sums of money in their nefarious trade, and Bedford won by that and other influences a natural promotion to a Brigadier in the woman-whipping, baby-stealing Rebel Confederacy. He is about 50 years of age, tall, gaunt, and sallow-visaged, with a long nose, deep-set, black, snaky eyes, full black beard without a mustache, and hair worn long. He usually wore, while in the 'nigger' trade in Memphis, a stove-pipe hat set on the back of his head at an angle of forty-five degrees. He was accounted mean, vindictive, cruel, and unscrupulous. He had two wives—one white, the other colored (Catharine), by each of which he had two children. His 'patriarchal' wife, Catharine, and his white wife had frequent quarrels or domestic jars.

"The slave pen of old Bedford Forrest, on Adams street, was a perfect horror to all negroes far and near. His mode of punishing refractory slaves was to compel four of his fellow-slaves to stand and hold the victim stretched out in the air, and then Bedford and his brother John would stand, one on each side, with long, bull whips, and cut up their victims until the blood trickled to the ground. Women were often stripped naked, and with a bucket of salt water standing by, in which to dip the instrument of torture, a heavy leather thong, their backs were cut up until the blisters covered the whole surface, the blood of their wounds mixing with the briny mixture to add torment to the infliction. One slave man was whipped to death by Bedford, who used a trace-chain doubled for the purpose of punishment. The slave was secretly buried, and the circumstance was only known to the slaves of the prison who only dared to refer to the circumstance in whispers.

"Such are the appropriate antecedents in the character of the monster who murdered in cold blood the gallant defenders of Fort Pillow."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 2d, 1864.

MAY DAY has come again. In a form not so repulsive, it is true, as that inclement season generally wears with us, but still with much tendency to the development of coughs and colds in the little fairies whose destiny it is to perambulate the streets and the Common in thin white frocks, with bare arms, and with heads covered only with wreaths of tissue paper roses. How blue and cold their little processions look, in a chilly North-west breeze, on the wet ground immediately after a North-easterly storm. But custom allots their holiday to this period, and they try to enjoy it in the form traditionally dictated to them. Shall we ever grow sensible enough to give this graceful English festival an appropriate American observance by celebrating it on the *last* day of May instead of the first?

Last week we had a lecture in the Music Hall from Miss Anna E. Dickinson. She was presented to the audience by Hon. Josiah Quincy, *Jr.*, after some justly eulogistic introductory remarks, and she held the audience intensely interested for an hour and a half, with a discourse on the Reconstruction of our nation. Speaking with great freedom and energy—such freedom and energy as our crisis requires—she pointed out the errors prevailing in our present policy, or no policy, gave special censure to President Lincoln's sins of omission, and Gen. Banks's sins of commission, and pointed out the characteristics that ought to be sought, and might be found if the people chose, in our next President. *The Courier* was vexed at the promptness and thoroughness with which she silenced the hissing of a few partisans of Banks, and tried to revenge itself by representing that *only* two thousand people went to hear her.

There was a curious meeting here last evening between two persons representing what are called the superior and inferior races; what are called, in the South, the highest and the lowest classes. I will describe them in the order of this assumed superiority.

A few months ago there came to this city, consigned to the care of a Baptist minister, a young lady from the South, seeking refuge and the means of livelihood, under the following distressing circumstances. She is the heiress of a considerable landed estate, now forfeited to the government by the treason of her male relatives, who are in the rebel army. She has neither mother nor sister, and has rejected her lover in consequence of his sympathy and alliance with the rebellion. Favoring her country's flag and government, and being in principle opposed to slavery, there was no safety for her in the South, yet she knew no person in the North, and had neither funds nor resources anywhere. Some compassionate person did what he could by sending her to this city with a letter of introduction and friendly commendation to a Baptist clergyman. She had received at home, through a governess, and afterwards at a boarding-school, such an education as is thought suitable for young ladies at the South, and it had never entered her mind that she was not *well* educated, since all that money could do had been done for her. Her wish, in the new circumstances above described, was to find some occupation whereby to support herself. Her first idea was to open a school. But it speedily appeared that she had no sufficient knowledge of the matters ordinarily taught in our schools to give the least prospect of success in that direction; and her absolute and thorough ignorance in regard to domestic affairs put her in painful contrast with the self-helping Northern women among whom she now found herself. She knew very little of the use of the needle, and nothing of cooking or washing, setting a table, making a bed or sweeping a room. She seemed helpless in regard to the least necessities as well as the greatest.

Under these circumstances, after a trial of a week or so, the reverend gentleman found the Southern young lady rather burdensome to his hospitality, and proceeded to the attempt, conducted with more energy than delicacy, to shift her off upon some one else. A gentleman and lady to whose knowledge these movements came invited her to their house. After a visit there of eight or nine weeks, it was decided that the best thing for her would be to be pupil instead of teacher for a while, and money was raised by her new friends to enable her to make trial of an excellent boarding-school, to which she will go this week. Last evening she accompanied her hosts to hear an address, given by another Southern woman, formerly a fugitive slave.

This address was given in the Indiana Place Chapel, to whose pastor, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the speaker had brought a letter of recommendation from Rev. William H. Channing of Washington.

The speaker prefaced her address by some account of herself. She was born a slave in Alabama, in 1838. Though seeing great cruelty exercised upon people of her condition in the neighborhood, especially upon the slaves of a minister who lived near, she received what is called "kind treatment," in the main, from her French master, the principal exception being a cut across the face with a riding-whip, for some trivial fault, which laid open the flesh, and left her scarred for life.

She escaped from Alabama alone, and on foot, ten years ago. Obliged to travel only by night, knowing very imperfectly the track to be followed, compelled to ford rivers, and travel through swamps and forests, and to depend upon chance for food and shelter, and of course exposed to all extremities of weather, she thinks she walked more than a thousand miles before reaching Ohio. She rarely dared to ask food or shelter on the way, and found her fear justified in some of the cases where she did ask. At one place she heard the mistress of the house call to the child who answered her knock at the door—"Don't let her in if it's a colored woman." This was in Ohio, when, having passed the chief dangers of her road, and feeling partially relieved from the fear of capture, the physical sufferings and privations she had undergone asserted their influence, and left her with no more strength or courage. She sat down, utterly exhausted, by the road-side. Presently a man passing in a wagon stopped and asked what was the matter with her. This good Samaritan took her up and carried her home, and she was sick four weeks in his hospitable house. After this was over, the question of her employment and subsistence came up. She had clandestinely learned reading and writing while a slave. She had an excellent memory and a strong desire for knowledge, and she felt within herself the capacity to learn whatever others could. Kind friends assisted her to go to Oberlin Seminary, and to remain there six years, qualifying herself to act as teacher. She then went to Canada, but, the climate proving too rigorous, she soon went to Hayti, and established a school among the women and children there. After continuing this under disadvantages for nearly three years, she returned to the United States to awaken interest and gain help for her Haytian school, and is now travelling and lecturing for that purpose.

She gave some very interesting information respecting Hayti, the circumstances of its inhabitants, and the condition of the colored people who have gone there from this country. Protesting strongly against all forced colonization, she yet thinks that, for those of the colored people who wish to leave the United States, Hayti offers very good hopes of a comfortable and satisfactory residence. In her judgment, many of the previous emigrants from this country held undue expectations of the ease of living in that island, and calculated unreasonably upon exemption from hard labor. But with industry and perseverance she thinks new comers can ultimately make there a very good home for themselves.

The native women of Hayti know little or nothing of needle-work. Their clothes and those of their families are imported ready-made from France. Seeing the great need of this branch of instruction, the lady of whom I have been speaking wished to teach sewing in her school. But at Gonaives, where she lived, no needles, no thimbles, no thread even, were to be had. There had been absolutely no market for such commodities. She wished to have her school an industrial as well as an educational institution, and she has come here to buy school apparatus, and obtain help towards the establishment of better methods and accessories of instruction than have hitherto been found there.

Sickness detained her some time in Washington. Being now restored to health, she is travelling and lecturing wherever there seems a likelihood of getting help. She speaks fluently and well, and seems a person of rare ability.

After the address, many of the auditors stopped to be introduced to the speaker, and to make inquiries or offer assistance. Among them were the lady and gentleman above mentioned, and the Southern young lady, their guest. They were introduced, and the representatives of the two classes of the South stood face to face.

What a contrast! Both had emigrated under stress of circumstances, to the North, but how different their attitude towards the new circumstances thus forced upon them. The slave, representative of a class popularly said to be "unable to take care of themselves," had not only shown in extreme youth, decision and vigor of character enough to plan and successfully execute an escape, but when, through terrible dangers and difficulties, that escape had been effected, all she asked was the chance of learning, acting, working, for herself. She obtained an education, and qualified herself to educate others. She proposed, and accomplished, not only her own maintenance, but the help of those who most needed help, the colored people. When her plans in one place failed, she went to another. And now, with the comprehensive views of an experienced teacher, she purposes raising the standard of education in the place of her residence, and giving new arts and sciences, new means of civilization and improvement, to a whole community. Moreover, to such an extent has her self-culture proceeded, that she is able to describe to a public audence, in an attractive and impressive manner, both her present plans and purposes.

How different the position of our other representative person, the "lady" by birth and education, a member of the class which declares itself appointed to take care of, to maintain, to provide for, the class formerly specified. Her tale is more briefly told.

Older at the time of her emigration than the slave girl, and already possessed of what is called in the South "an education," she can do absolutely nothing but throw herself on the help of others. She is personally dependent on the aid of those around her, not only for food, clothing and shelter, occupation and amusement, but for the means of getting through the day comfortably after all these have been provided. She can neither do anything for any other person, nor devise the means of doing anything for her herself. Her mind and her hands are alike, for practical purposes, entirely uncultivated. She is absolutely nothing but "a Southern lady." Any man with the bread of his family to earn, any man who wanted a partner in the duties and trials of life, any man aware of the many occasions on which he will need help from a wife's hands and a wife's head, if his choice were confined to these two women, would have no difficulty in coming to a speedy decision. So, at least, judges your correspondent,

NORTH.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT BRIDGES FORTEN.

From The Philadelphia Press, April 29.

The military escort which surrounds the hearse, bearing through our streets to the grave the body of one who has died in the service of his country, has familiarized the people with the last form of respect that is given to a soldier's memory. Yesterday military ceremonies and honors were paid, for the first time in this city, to the remains of a colored man. The body of ROBERT BRIDGES FORTEN, late Sergeant-Major 43d Regiment, United States Colored Troops, was deposited in the family vault in the cemetery attached to St. Thomas's Church, Fifth, below Walnut street, with military honors. Sixteen of his late comrades, commanded by a sergeant, formed the funeral escort, and fired the three volleys of musketry over his grave prescribed by the army regulations.

Serg.-Maj. Forten was the son of the late James Forten, so long and so favorably known in this community, especially to the merchants and mariners of our city. He was liberally educated. For several years past he resided in London, and was a commercial agent for an extensive stationery house in the Poultry. On observing that the government had summoned the colored race to arms, and was organizing a colored army for the defence of the Union and the salvation of liberty itself, he at once cancelled his business engagements in England, and hastened to this his native city, to offer his services to his country. Finding that by the existing laws he could not be commissioned an officer to command colored troops, though qualified by education and peculiarly fitted by general character for such a responsible position, he resolved to enlist as a private. When counselled to reflect again on his determination, and advised that his age (about fifty years) made it doubtful whether he could undergo the fatigues and privations of the service—that his education was vastly superior to that of his fellow-soldiers—that his habits and associations were strikingly dissimilar, and that no consideration or allowance could be given to these peculiarities, he replied, that the reasons urged why he should not go into the service, with the exception of the one regarding his age, were incentives for him to volunteer. His country, he said, asked her colored children to rally to her defence, and those of them who had been blessed with education should be foremost in responding to the call. Actuated by these patriotic motives, he enlisted in the 43d Regiment, in which his talents were soon remarked, and he was made Sergeant-Major. He was soon detailed on special service, and ordered to report to Col. S. M. Bowman, chief mustering and recruiting officer for colored troops for the State of Maryland. He entered into the business of recruiting in that State with intense zeal, and showed ability of the highest order. In the many speeches he made to the colored men of Baltimore, and by his logic, his eloquence, and his example, he largely contributed to the great success which has attended Col. Bowman's efforts to raise colored troops in Maryland. That officer, in reporting to the Philadelphia Supervisory Committee, commended him as a soldier and a gentleman. Impelled by zealous devotion to the cause of his race and his country, he exerted himself beyond his powers of endurance, and, when attacked by sickness, it was soon seen that his prolonged labors had undermined his constitution. He died suddenly with erysipelas. He leaves a wife and boy in London, and a daughter, a teacher in the camp of the freedmen at Port Royal.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Appropriate remarks were made at Mr. Forten's late residence by J. Miller McKim, Esq., long known as Secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society; Thomas Webster, Esq., Chairman of the Supervisory Committee for the recruiting of Colored Troops, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott. Following in the long and respectable train were many prominent citizens and a large number of commissioned officers, who thus showed their respect for a noble and devoted friend of his race. After the rites in the church, his remains were deposited in the family vault in view of curious and wondering thousands. The three volleys which were fired over the grave of Sergt.-Maj. Forten in the heart of this great city, were a lesson not to be forgotten.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Society gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Mr. Samuel Andrews, of five hundred dollars, being the amount of a legacy left the Society by the late Mrs. S. G. Andrews Woodworth, of Sandy Hill, N. Y.

April 5, 1864. WM. I. BOWDITCH, Treasurer.

THE HOUSE, on Wednesday, passed the bill guaranteeing a republican government to the States in rebellion—a bill intended to carry into effect a clause of the Constitution, to provide temporary Governors, to exclude slavery permanently, and to lay the basis of a Free Constitution in each State, such as shall make rebellion henceforth impossible. The vote was 73 to 59.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

EVACUATION OF WASHINGTON, N. C.

Passengers who arrived in New York on Wednesday from North Carolina state that Washington, one of the strongest fortified points in North Carolina, which has required two years of labor and a large amount of money to make it impregnable against any force the enemy might send, has, by an order from Gen. Butler, been hastily evacuated. After spiking the heavy guns, and destroying an immense amount of property which could not be brought away, it was discovered that previously the enemy had left for Virginia, leaving only seven companies in front of the place. The sudden evacuation of this important point abandons a large tract of country, containing over forty thousand loyal people, black and white, to a barbarous foe, who have already commenced massacreing those who have accepted of President Lincoln's Amnesty proclamation, and pressing into their service all who are capable of bearing arms. The capture of Plymouth by the enemy, and the evacuation of Washington, have rendered houseless and homeless many thousand Union people who have been compelled to leave suddenly for Newbern and Beaufort, abandoning all their effects. Two companies of the 2d N. C. (white) Volunteers were stationed at Plymouth and eight companies of the 1st N. C. Volunteers at Washington. The families of these loyal Southern soldiers number more than a thousand women and children, who are entirely destitute. Their suffering condition demands sympathy and relief.

DISASTER IN ARKANSAS.

There is a story from the West of a disaster to our arms in Arkansas. Gen Marmaduke attacked and captured a train with an escort after a sharp fight. Report says he took 1,000 prisoners, 240 wagons, and 7 pieces of artillery.

CAPTURE OF COTTON AND CONTRABANDS.

Rear-Admiral Porter recently sent an expedition up the Washita river, as far as Monroe, which captured three thousand bales of Confederate cotton, brought away eight hundred negroes, and destroyed much rebel property.

Special Notices.

YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Twelfth Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends will be held at LONGWOOD (near Hamorton), Chester Co., Pa., beginning at 10 o'clock, a.m., on Fifth-day, the 2d of Sixth month, and continuing, probably, for three days.

This Society demands assent to no system of doctrines, institutes no priesthood, prescribes no form of worship; but, cherishing the utmost liberty of religious opinion, inquiry and speculation, seeks its bond of union in a common love of God as a Universal Father, a common regard for mankind as one Brotherhood, common aspirations for moral and religious excellence, and common labors to redeem the world from ignorance, superstition and sin, and introduce the era of universal righteousness and peace. Welcoming and cherishing whatever of truth was spoken or recorded in the past, it nevertheless looks continually for fresh revelations of the Divine will, and rejoices in the assurance that it is the privilege of the pure in heart, not less now than in former ages, to hold communion with God and to be guided by the teachings of his Holy Spirit. The time of its public assemblies is devoted, not to sectarian propagandism, nor to unprofitable strife and debate in regard to modes of faith and worship, but to the discovery and adoption of the measures best adapted to promote the welfare of the human family; to the application of the principles of justice and freedom to individuals, communities and nations; to the promulgation of testimonies against every system of oppression and wrong; to the cultivation of those sentiments, aspirations, yearnings and hopes which proclaim the soul of man immortal as his Maker; and to that exalted fellowship one with another which is the fruit of mutual toils and sacrifices in the cause of our common humanity.

All who feel attracted toward a Religious Society founded upon the principles, devoted to the objects, and animated by the spirit above described, are heartily invited to meet with us and take part in our deliberations.

Oliver Johnson,	Allen Agnew,
Mary Ann Fulton,	Jennie K. Smith,
Theodore D. Weld,	Hannah Cox,
Alice Eliza Hambleton,	Annie Stambach,
Alfred H. Love,	Dinah Mendenhall,
Sarah M. Barnard,	Susanna P. Chambers,
Thomas Hambleton,	Rachel Wilson.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to Oliver Johnson, 48 Beekman st., New York, till the 30th of May; after that to Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

Among those who are confidently expected to attend the meeting, and who will do so unless prevented by causes not foreseen, are George Thompson of England, William Lloyd Garrison, and Theodore Tilton.

Longwood is about thirty miles west of Philadelphia, from which place it is reached by the cars of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad, which runs each way twice a day. The Progressive Friends are hospitable to strangers.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WOMEN'S LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE.—The Anniversary of the Women's National League will be held in New York, Thursday, May 12th, at the Church of the Puritans, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

Representatives from auxiliary Leagues, and all women who believe in a democratic form of government, are invited to attend.

The work of the hour is not alone to put down the rebels in arms, but TO EDUCATE THIRTY MILLION OF PEOPLE INTO THE IDEA OF A TRUE REPUBLI

Miscellaneous Department.

JOHN BROWN.

DECEMBER 2, 1859.

THE law with iron stroke
Fell on his head,
And the stern sentence broke—
"*Hung—until dead!*"

Doomed to the felon's death,
The hangman's rope—
What then? failed aught of faith,
Or heart, or hope?

Nay, by the God he served,
In wrong or right,
His giant soul was nerved
With martyr's might.

Calm as a dreaming sage
He waked or slept,
While history's wondering page
The record kept.

Words of rare courage fell—
Marvels of might—
And the prisoned hero's cell
Shone with the light!

And when in grand array
The marshaled host
Wheeled into line that day—
Virginia's boast—

And sword and bayonet
Gleamed in the sun,
The world shall not forget
The brave deed done!

One conqueror in that hour
Commands alone;
Transmuting with strange power
Gallows to throne!

O high and royal march
To take thy crown,
'Neath the o'er-smiling arch
Which Heaven bent down,

To light thy martyr-path,
And cheer thy soul,
When man's out-breaking wrath
Lost Heaven's control.

And the recording pen
In rock engraved,
"*This day, one died for men*
By men enslaved."

O mystery of love
For human loss,
So like to that above
Which crowned the Cross!

The record which of old
His history kept,
Hath long since told
How "Jesus wept."

So wept our hero's heart,
Himself so died:
So lives his name, apart—
And glorified!

—*Edw. P. Weston, in Northern Monthly.*

THEODORE PARKER AS A REFORMER.

[Part of an Article, in *The North American Review* for April, on "The Life and Correspondence of THEODORE PARKER." The Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM is supposed to be the writer.]

No one doubts now the vitality of Mr. Parker's conscience, the depth of his moral conviction, or the tenacity of his grasp on the elemental instincts of justice and the primitive rock of truth. Here he seemed absolutely inseparable from the Eternal, a piece of primeval humanity. Every instance of heroism appeared familiar to him. The State Trials of England and the Bollandist Collection of Lives of the Saints were alike tributary to his moral sense. The power which held his childish arm when he would strike a spotted turtle by a pool, held his arm till the end, with an impalpable, but irresistible grasp. His passion for duty was as exhaustive as his hunger for knowledge or his thirst for love. Instead of saying, as most men do in their impatience of the demands of charity, "Have I not a right to do what I will with my own?" he was always ready to say, "Nothing is my own: all that I have and can do and am—my pleasure, my power, and my will itself—belong to truth and justice and humanity; the moral law owns me and my possessions"; and he held his life in his hand, ready to lay it at any moment on the altar of obedience. He could sacrifice anything to a conviction, and he could welcome the conviction that demanded the sacrifice. We recall no chapters in biography more impressive and touching than those which, in this memoir, tell of his devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause. A scholar of the style that learned Europe would have rejoiced in, a scholar of the grand order, a man passionately fond of books and the study of books, zealously devoted to the accumulation of knowledge by patient research, fond of abstract philosophical speculation and of the quiet which is most congenial with it, entertaining vast intellectual schemes whose scope embraced nothing less than a history of the religious development of the foremost races of the earth, feeling that he, as a thinker, was called to lay broad and solid the historical foundation of the structure of pure Theism, as the religion of the most advanced nations of the globe for the next thousand years; he laid these immense and absorbing projects all by, or thrust them away into the fast diminishing moments of leisure, and postponed indefinitely the dearest hope and purpose of his life, as well as his dearest personal tastes, in order that he might do the duty of the hour, as he understood it, to his country. The very opposite of Goëthe, who thought it more patriotic to give his country an undying literature than to give it a transient political liberty, Parker thought it more patriotic, nay, more human, to free a slave than to write a theology. It was no desire for money or fame or popularity that sent him off, Winter after Winter, on those frightful lecturing tours through the Northern States; it was a profound sense of the importance of educating the people in the principles of liberty, with a view to the impending struggle which he clearly foresaw, and on which, as he believed, the future civilization of the country depended. For this he came down to the level of the stump-speaker; for this he became an occupant of platforms in small country towns; for this he became politician and member of vigilance committees; for this he shortened his life probably by a score or more of years. "We must respect the law of God," he cries. "What is a fine of a thousand dollars, and jailing for six months, to the liberty of a man? My money perish with me, if it stand between me and the eternal law of God." "The Fugitive Slave law has cost me some months of time already. I have refused about sixty invitations to lecture, and delayed the printing of my book—for that!" In those few terrible years from 1850 to 1858, he sacredly devoted his whole being to the cause of his country and universal liberty.

When it became apparent, long before it became apparent to most, that the career of Daniel Webster was ended, and that he must die, Mr. Parker, anticipating the necessity of drawing a public lesson from his life, made a thorough review of his whole political course, from end to end, carefully read every one of his speeches, searchingly scrutinized and analyzed every one of his important votes, dropped his plummet as deep as he could into the motives and purposes of the man, gathered up the threads of passion and principle in him, and to the best of his ability cleared from the lenses of his own mind the dust of preconceived opinion and the film spread over them by his tears. On the decease of Mr. Webster, he took this burden of memories with him into the country, set them out in the sunshine, aired them in the breath of the hills, let the truth and sweetness of nature pass into his own spirit; then, returning to town, shut himself up in his room and wrote his memorial sermon. Many said it was hasty and reckless, and expressed the heated feeling of the hour. He had done his utmost to make it the judgment of posterity and of the truth.

Mr. Parker was a sturdy and stubborn realist, but his realism was of no common stamp. It was a realism of mind, heart and conscience. It was not merely earthly, but human, we had almost said superhuman; for some of its manifestations were so remarkable, that we regard them with a kind of awe, as indicating a prodigious elemental force. It seemed to give him an insight into the processes of history, and a feeling for the subtile, underground laws that control events, which may fairly be called prophetic, and which would in a less scientific age have given him the reputation of a seer. In 1856 he predicted explicitly that, in the event of Mr. Buchanan's election to the Presidency, the Union would be dissolved by civil war before the close of his term of office. He wrote this in June to Horace Mann; in August, to Edward Desor; in October, to John P. Hale; in November, to Miss Hunt in Europe. It is not conjecture, it is prevision; it is not guess, it is assertion. He acts on his prophecy with a sure instinct that things will come out according to his foretelling. "I have been preparing for civil war these six months past," he writes to Mr. Hale. "I buy no books except for pressing need. Last year I bought fifteen hundred dollars' worth. This year I shall not order two hundred dollars' worth. I may want the money for cannon." In November he has not orders out for fifty dollars' worth. On the evening of the election day he enters on his journal: "Of course we shall fight. I think affairs may come to such a pass that my own property may be confiscated—for who knows that we shall beat at the beginning—and I hung as a traitor! So I invest property accordingly. Wife's will be safe." This prescience he owed to the depth and quickness of his sympathy with the popular feeling. Living close to the ground, he heard the electric currents course through the grass; human in every atom and pulse of his being, he felt flowing through him the unconscious transmissions of energy, caught by instinct the secret drift of affairs, knew what the people purposed better than they knew it themselves, could read their thought in their stammering, could tell their direction from the working of their anatomy though they seemed to be moving towards another quarter, could trace the law that swayed their clumsy limbs and gathered their incoherent masses, and in their political action could note the footfalls of their fate. His illumination proceeded from his conscience, which, like that of the Hebrew prophets, never lost hold of the thread of the moral law that linked cause to effect, and from his heart, which could measure accurately the rising of the flood of popular indignation, and indicate the moment when the tide of wrath and shame and sorrow would fill the people's breast, and endurance would be possible no longer. The causes that hastened the crisis lay in the undeveloped tendencies of the masses, and no man knew those tendencies so well as he.

Slavery had no more vehement or persistent enemy than Mr. Parker. To the crusade against it he devoted the best years of his life. His abhorrence of it stirred his fiercest indignation and pointed his sharpest invective. His hatred of it made him more hated than even his heresy. The blows of his hammer on that old evil rung all over the land, and the gallows on which he hung its abettors and apologists might be seen from the White Hills to the Rocky Mountains. While Wendell Phillips drove the fine blade of the American principle to its heart, while Garrison confronted it with the majesty of the moral sentiment, Parker hurled at it everything that came in his way—libraries of statistics, heaps of facts and figures, treatises on political economy, volumes of history and social philosophy, tons of sciences—ethnology, anthropology, philology, physiology, comparative geography—ethics, Old Testament and New Testament. He stabbed it, kicked it, spit on it, stamped on it, overwhelmed it with indignation and obloquy. But the lava stream of his moral conviction never scorched the plain of his common sense or withered the force of a single fact. He saw ugly things as they were, and could make allowances. He clung to Union and Constitution, and voted with the best party there was. He admitted that freedom was not always a pleasant thing to the blacks; and when they went back to bondage, he simply said, "We must bear as much from *this* untoward generation as Moses from his nation of slaves, who wanted to go back to Egypt." He felt great sympathy, he said, with slaveholders. He had no romance about the negro. "He is the least acquisitive of all men: he is an equatorial grasshopper." In voluptuousness "only the negro beats the Shemites." "The negro is slow, a loose-jointed sort of animal, a great child." Never was man so powerful and passionate, yet so temperate. Never did man have such hold of principles, and at the same time such perception of the limitations of their working. Never did man so bravely launch out on the deep sea of moral truth, or commit himself so entirely to the current of moral sentiment, all the while keeping the lead in his hand and noting every change of the weather in his logbook. His star must always be bitched to a wagon. He always looked well to the string of his kite, and seemed to fear lest his airy principle would soar away out of sight and be lost, if it were not surely fastened to a well-planted fact. He relied greatly on history. His great arguments were historical arguments. His speeches and sermons often bristled with quotations from the census.

In estimating Mr. Parker's worth and influence, we must distinguish between the eternal men who live aloof from actual affairs, devoting themselves to the elaboration of great principles, which are to serve as foundations for future art, society, faith, and the temporal men who live for their generation, spending themselves, body and mind, heart and soul, substance and accidents, in the immediate service of their fellow-creatures. To this last class Mr. Parker belonged. We say this in no temper of disparagement. Both classes are needed, and it is impossible to say which are needed most. Both have their greatness, and between the two kinds of greatness who would trust himself to choose? Both have their satisfactions and their insufficiencies; both have their ecstasy and their depression; both have their sunshine and their midnight. The first have more serenity, the last more warmth; the first a wider horizon, the last a more passionate life; the first a stiller watchtower, the last a richer existence. Men distantly admire, respect, worship the first; they fervently love and gratefully embrace the last. Mr. Parker sometimes spoke of himself as being abused and hated. "No man in America since Adams and Jefferson has been so abused in public and private." Yes; but no man in America has been so widely, so cordially, so devotedly loved; and his lovers were ever on the increase. He lived in his generation, and his generation, on the whole, appreciated him and loved him. In his heart he knew and felt that it did. Its kindness was harder to bear than its scorn. There are those who regret that Mr. Parker allowed himself to be absorbed in special causes, to the postponement, and finally to the relinquishment, of the great purpose of his life as a scholar and a thinker; that he should have sacrificed the instruction and the good of posterity to the demands of the hour. But we cannot think this a mistake, for we think it was inevitable; we cannot regret it, for it was precisely what he was called by Providence to do. His powers all tended to the concrete and the practical, and they exhausted themselves in that.

Of Mr. Parker's work as a reformer in social ethics and institutions it is unnecessary to speak here or anywhere, for it is known by all men. Indeed, it is better known than anything else about him. Many, even now, hold him in no good repute for this work; but it will, by the multitude, be acknowledged as most valuable service. If the increase of the anti-slavery feeling is good, he merits praise, for he probably did more than any man to create that feeling in the West, and as much as any man to confirm and deepen and make it intelligent in the East. If there is anything noble in our struggle, he predicted it and helped to bring it on, and generated much of the spirit that makes it what it is becoming or has already become. Were he alive, he would throw into it his property, his endeavor, and his life, if needful, with as much devotion as any of its martyrs. If the country reaches the Promised Land of liberty through its Red Sea, no spirit will rejoice more cordially than his. He carried into his struggle with slavery a large element of the extravagance and grotesqueness that he carried into all he undertook. His singular interest in the habits and dispositions of bears, which the letters betray, and which Mr. Weiss pleasantly alludes to, sprung from an ursine quality in his own nature, which often gave infinite amusement to his friends. It frolicked in his wit, it capered in his humorous mimicry, it gambolled in his discourses, and it exhibited its ungainly movements in many a grotesque public performance. There was something of this shaggy, ursine element in his moral sense. It shows its uncouth strength in those great handbills, which Mr. Weiss has preserved, advising the Bostonians of the advent of the kidnappers, in the ceremony at the marriage of William and Ellen Crafts, in the speeches during that fearful time of the Fugitive Slave bill. But he did love liberty cordially and profoundly, and he may fairly claim that something of rudeness be pardoned in him to the spirit of it. He was at heart a stern Puritan and Covenanter. He loved the early New Englanders, and perpetuated their spirit; and it was not an amiable spirit, when dealing with human rights and wrongs. They, however, exercised this spirit in their own behoof. He exercised it in the cause of the miserable and the despised, who could render no return for his service, and did not know even that he was giving it.

Theodore Parker's forte was, after all, *character*, in the sense that Novalis gives it, of disciplined will. He had an immense personal energy; his opinions were but expressions of it; his deeds were but the practical movement of it. He put himself into every act; and that self was just what God made it. We are not concerned to vindicate him from the charge of possessing qualities which were indispensable to the work he was called to do. He was positive to the extreme of dogmatism, but dogmatism was necessary to his success; without it he would have been a scholar and a critic; he would not have been a reformer either in theology or in morals. He went about with a sharp and heavy axe on his shoulder; but there were trees at whose roots it must be laid. We do not use Damascus blades to fell gnarled oaks. He wielded a terrible invective, but there were pachyderms whose thick hides took ordinary spear-thrusts without feeling a prick, and shed common bullets as if they were drops of rain. He sometimes confounded the evil man's motives with his deeds, and struck through the sin into the sinner's heart; but the dialectics which distinguish between acts and motives belong to the casuist, not to the prophet. Sin is a sinner; evil is not a mask, it is a man; and one may as well not exhibit it at all, if one does not exhibit it as thinking, purposing, planning, breathing vengeance and compassing ruin. The commonplace about hating the sin and loving the sinner is well enough, hypothetically; but if the love for the sinner finds utterance in speech, it will be very hard to make men believe in the hatred of the sin, still harder will it be to make them hate the sin. All that can be asked is, that *personal* hate towards the sinner shall not be mistaken for *moral* detestation of the sin; that abhorrence of the sin shall come first, and that the sinner shall suffer only on account of his implication in it. Now we aver, not only on the strength of his own reiterated and earnest private asseveration, but on the assurance of his most intimate friends, and as the result of long and close personal observation, that Theodore Parker carried no private malice or rancor into his battle with his direst foes; he fought to gratify no private passion; he bore no private ill-will or personal grudge; victory was not his victory; defeat was not his defeat; he could forgive any insult or wrong offered to himself; he could make reparation for any insult or wrong offered to another; the tear came as quickly to his eye when he found that he had done an injustice, as when he felt that he had suffered one. But he had one enemy—Satan; and if the man whom Satan had possessed was killed by the sword-thrust aimed at Satan's heart, he was sorry, but he could not help it. The Archfiend must be reached, though the way to him was hewn through human heart and flesh. He loved not the sight or the smell of blood, but he could bear it. "I was born," he said once, in a tender note to a friend—"I was born to thunder and lighten and break things down to the ground. It is no pleasure for me to do it. Think yourself happy, that you were called to shed your sunlight and dew on men's hearts, to make the grass and the flowers grow there." Let us remember that his work brought him many a bitter sorrow, and caused him more tears than he caused. He was a sensitive man, and felt the reaction of his own blow. Men thought him tough; he was only too tender: they thought him overbearing in the assertion of his own opinions; but few men were ever more respectful of the conscientious opinions of others, or more careful not to infringe their liberty of thought and speech. Men thought him overweening in his self-esteem: he was indeed aware that he had great gifts and great opportunities and a great responsibility; but he was also aware that they were God's endowment, not his earning, and his heart was full of poignant humiliation at his failure to do justice to his commission. Was he arrogant? Nay, his friends found him exceedingly humble; he had a kneeling spirit in his closet. He claimed little from man or from God; he did not expect, apparently, to leave behind him a very long or deep memory. "I am only one little spirt of water running into the great ocean of humanity; and if I stop here, I shall not be at all missed there." "If it turns out that I can serve no more in this warfare, the cause will not suffer. Some one quite different from me, but better, will yet for the great principles of religious freedom take my place. Humanity is so rich in ability, that the man of greatest genius for the highest function is never missed by the race of men."

ON PICKET DUTY.

WITHIN a green and shadowy wood,
Circled with spring, alone I stood:
The nook was peaceful, fair, and good.

The wild-plum blossoms lured the bees,
The birds sang madly in the trees,
Magnolia-scents were on the breeze.

All else was silent; but the ear
Caught sounds of distant bugle clear,
And heard the bullets whistle near—

When from the winding river's shore
The Rebel guns began to roar,
And ours to answer, thundering oer;

And echoed from the wooded hill,
Repeated and repeated still,
Through all my soul they seemed to thrill.

For, as their rattling storm awoke,
And loud and fast the discord broke,
In rude and trenchant *words* they spoke.

"*We hate!*" boomed fiercely o'er the tide;
"We fear not!" from the other side;
"*We strike!*" the Rebel guns replied.

Quick roared our answer, "We defend!"
"*Our rights!*" the battle-sounds contend;
"The rights of *all!*" we answer send.

"*We conquer!*" rolled across the wave;
"We persevere!" our answer gave;
"*Our chivalry!*" they wildly rave.

"*Ours are the brave!*" "Be *ours* the free?"
"*Be ours the slave, the masters we!*"
"On us their blood no more shall be!"

As when some magic word is spoken,
By which a wizard spell is broken,
There was a silence at that token.

The wild birds dared once more to sing,
I heard the pine-bough's whispering,
And trickling of a silver spring.

Then, crashing forth with smoke and din,
Once more the rattling sounds begin,
Our iron lips roll forth, "We win!"

And dull and wavering in the gale
That rushed in gusts across the vale
Came back the faint reply, "*We fail!*"

And then a word, both stern and sad,
From throat of huge Columbiad—
"Blind fools and traitors! ye are mad!"

Again the rebel answer came,
Muffled and slow, as if in shame—
"*All, all is lost!*" in smoke and flame.

Now bold and strong and stern as Fate,
The Union guns sound forth, "We wait!"
Faint comes the distant cry, "*Too late!*"

"Return! return!" our cannon said;
And, as the smoke rolled overhead,
"*We dare not!*" was the answer dread.

Then came a sound, both loud and clear,
A godlike word of hope and cheer—
"Forgiveness!" echoed far and near;

As when beside some death-bed still
We watch, and wait God's solemn will,
A blue-bird warbles his soft trill.

I clenched my teeth at that blest word,
And, angry, muttered, "Not so, Lord!
The only answer is the sword!"

I thought of Shiloh's tainted air;
Of Richmond's prisons, foul and bare;
And murdered heroes, young and fair—

Of block and lash and overseer,
And dark, mild faces pale with fear,
Of baying hell-hounds panting near.

But then the gentle story told
My childhood, in the days of old,
Rang out its lessons manifold.

O prodigal, and lost! arise
And read the welcome blest that lies
In a kind Father's patient eyes!

Thy elder brother grudges not
The lost and found should share his lot,
And wrong in concord be forgot.

Thus mused I, as the hours went by,
Till the relieving guard drew nigh,
And then was challenge and reply.

And as I hastened back to line,
It seemed an omen half divine
That "Concord" was the countersign.

BRITISH RESPONSE TO MR. GEO. THOMPSON'S RECEPTION IN BOSTON.

[We have much pleasure in publishing the annexed communication addressed to His Excellency Gov. ANDREW, from Manchester, Old England, together with the appended resolution expressing the sense entertained by our English friends of the reception accorded by Massachusetts to Mr. George Thompson. We welcome to our columns all such international courtesies, illustrative as they are of the "holy alliance" of the advocates of Liberty and Justice on both sides of the Atlantic.]

41 JOHN DALTON ST.,
MANCHESTER, March 31st, 1864.

To His Excellency GOV. ANDREW, *Massachusetts.*

DEAR AND HONORED SIR: I have the pleasure and honor of enclosing copy of a resolution unanimously and most cordially adopted at a meeting of citizens of Manchester held in Union Chambers, Dickenson street, on the 27th inst., on which occasion, in pursuance of a public announcement, I read the noble and eloquent speeches delivered at the George Thompson Reception Meeting in the Music Hall, Boston, on the 23d ult. In the performance of this pleasing duty, you will perhaps kindly permit me to say that the generous and beautiful sentiments so eloquently uttered by yourself and the other distinguished American patriots at the Reception meeting, were listened to with the utmost attention and delight by all who were present at the meeting in Union Chambers.

It may now be truly said that Boston has atoned for her persecution of the prophets of Freedom in 1834; and that Massachusetts has purged from her historic record the dark stains of a pro-slavery dispensation.

Our friend, George Thompson, personally and as a brave and worthy representative of the best feelings of the English nation towards your great people, well deserves the honorable and magnanimous reception accorded him by the "Old Bay State." His name and fame will ever live, enshrined in the hearts of millions who love freedom and long for the elevation of the down-trod and oppressed of all nations. It was mainly, as testified the other day by Mr. Bright, by the ardent, eloquent, courageous, persevering and irresistible advocacy of George Thompson among the people of this country that that great act of justice, mercy and magnanimity of the British nation was accomplished, by which 800,000 negro chattles in our West India Colonies were manumitted, and by a moral, legal, bloodless social revolution, were lifted into the rights and immunities of recognized manhood, freedom and citizenship.

It was Mr. Thompson's tireless energy, his sublime self-devotion, his invincible arguments, his commanding oratory, his soul-subduing eloquence, that did more than any other man, or perhaps more than all others, to inform and inspire, to organize and concentrate that great *Public Sentiment* in favor of total and immediate emancipation that not only made emancipation possible, but that rendered it impossible for the Parliament or government any longer to refuse the great boon of Liberty to our oppressed and degraded fellow-subjects who were groaning under the slave-driver's whip.

I will not intrude further upon your Excellency's precious time, except to say in conclusion, that there are millions of my countrymen who feel as I do towards your brave, patriotic and generous people, and we pray night and day, in faith and hope, that you will not only RESTORE your glorious Union, but that you will rebuild the Temple of Liberty on foundations as everlasting as the laws of God, fitted to withstand the shocks and decays of time.

Quoting your own beautiful words at the Music Hall meeting referred to—"We hail the coming day when England and America, America and England—both in peace—vieing with each other in offices of mutual good will, shall pursue in concord their grand careers of beneficence and glory, their people both happy, prosperous, free and honored of all nations."

With profound regard and enduring esteem in the blessed cause of universal freedom, peace and good will, I have the honor to remain your humble and obedient servant, (Signed) THOMAS H. BARKER.

Copy of Resolution adopted by a meeting held in Union Chambers, Dickinson street, Manchester (Old England), March 27th, 1864. Moved by Mr. Thomas H. Barker, seconded by Mr. W. Goodwin.

Resolved, That this meeting has been greatly delighted by the report of the handsome, generous and magnanimous reception accorded to George Thompson, Esq., by the people of Massachusetts, and begs to tender to His Excellency Governor Andrew, and through him to the citizens of "The Old Bay State," a most cordial expression of esteem, good will and brotherhood, feeling assured that the great cause of Human Freedom is safe in the hands of a people so intelligent, liberty-loving and patriotic: and praying that their great nation may soon be able to put down slavery, with the infamous Slaveholders' Rebellion, so that their glorious Union may be restored and consolidated on the enduring basis of universal justice, liberty and equality. (Signed) JAMES E. NELSON, Chairman.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FREEDMEN.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

To the Editor of The Philadelphia Press:

PENN. FREEDMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
424 WALNUT ST., April 19th, 1864.

SIR: I send you herewith a letter which I think, if you should have room for it, will interest your readers. It is from Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, Government Superintendent of the Freedmen in St. Helena's and Ladies' Islands in South Carolina.

Mr. Tomlinson is a Philadelphian, well and favorably known to many of the best people of this city. He went out to Port Royal under the auspices of our Relief Committee, as an ordinary superintendent, and has since raised himself to his present responsible and honorable position by his merit and ability. His duties are at this time chiefly magisterial; he hears complaints, and settles difficulties arising among the freedmen, enjoying the confidence alike of Gen. Saxton, who appointed him to the office, and of the colored people who have to abide by his decisions. He is particularly well qualified for his duties. He is also well qualified to serve as a witness in the matters of which he here testifies.

His letter, you will perceive, has been drawn out by one from me. It is our practice to call, from time to time, upon our teachers and superintendents for reports of their progress, and in my last requisition I took the liberty of including Mr. Tomlinson. He is the first to respond, and this is his report. It speaks for itself. The significance of his statements is obvious, and comment is unnecessary; but I would direct attention to the argument for emancipation underlying what he says of the negroes' increased purchases. The articles—now multiplied ten-fold—which the negroes buy, come from the North. The money which they pay for them comes into Northern tills. The more money they make the better able will they be to buy our goods. Emancipation gives us a new market, and a home market at that. For the products of Northern industry and ingenuity we shall hereafter have four million new customers! Verily, "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come!" Yours, truly, J. M. MCKIM.

ST. HELENA, S. C., April 10, 1864.

DEAR MR. MCKIM: I have yours of the 2d inst., requesting a statement of *facts*, bearing upon the progress of the freedmen in this department. You say that the question is constantly asked, both at home and abroad, "What are the evidences of the progress of the freedmen?"

To us, who are living in the midst of these evidences, the question seems superfluous. Yet, I suppose it ought to be and must be answered.

The first fact to which I would call attention is this: In August, 1862, when I first came into the department, nearly the whole colored population was drawing rations from the government; at this time I think not more than five hundred persons draw rations from month to month. I include in this estimate refugees and those that would be paupers under any circumstances. This number is constantly diminishing, and by the end of the season there will be none entitled to "rations" except the destitute old and infirm persons, and we hope to have established, before that time, a system of taxation that will insure the support of the poor and infirm without any aid from government.

Last year four plantations were purchased and worked by the freedmen for themselves. The "Reynolds" place produced over four thousand dollars worth of cotton, besides a plentiful provision crop. After paying all their expenses, the people on this place have a very handsome balance to commence the year with. The "James Tripp" place did proportionately as well, but I cannot trust my memory to give exact figures, and cannot get them in time for the steamer. I know that no one person on the place received less than fifty dollars as his share, while most of the shares ran over one hundred dollars, and some as high as two hundred dollars. This, also, besides a large provision crop. The "Inlet" place, owned and worked by Harry McMillan, produced thirteen hundred and fifty-eight dollars' worth of ginned cotton. The bulk of this cotton was raised by the labor of Harry, his wife, and two daughters, with the aid of a mule and plow. Harry pays for his plantation, buys necessary stock, including cotton gins, etc., and has left a handsome balance to commence the new year with. The "Edgerly" place, on Port Royal Island, did fully as well as either of the above. The people on that place not only raised a crop of cotton, which paid them all a large dividend, but in addition to this they raised on their own land twelve hundred pounds of ginned cotton for the Rev. Dr. Peck, he, of course, paying for the labor; and they also paid to Mr. Hitchcock, a gentleman from New York, who was a government superintendent in their neighborhood during last season, a bale of cotton (equal to $400) as compensation for his advice and assistance; which leads some of us to think that they either overrated his services or that they made more money than they knew how to use. The "Edgerly" people have had lumber brought from the North, and having divided up their land, are building houses upon their several lots.

Thus far those that worked for themselves. Now for those that worked for other people. Anthony and Venus, laborers on the "Capt. John Tripp Corner" place, St. Helena, received $194.80, exclusive of their provision crop. Anthony is over 60, and Venus over 70 years old. Frank and two daughters, girls of sixteen and eighteen years, of the same place, received $184.55. Cato, wife and daughter, of the Robert Fulton place, received $180. The following amounts were received by persons on the "Coffin Point" place: Aaron and Judy, $436.48; Abel and family, $210.57; Amaretta and family, $335.24; Leah and Peter, $99.38; Hackliss and Phillis, $175.32; Frank and family, $181.93; George and family, $174.60; Miller and family, $188.67. There are several other families receiving amounts ranging from $50 to $100. This, of course, is independent of their provision crop. On the "Pallanana" Island plantation, each hand will average over fifty dollars, and it will be remembered that these cases, as well as numerous others that I might cite, are not the result of high wages, though the wages were *fair*, but of *industry* on the part of the laborers. After this statement, and that made by Mr. Philbrick, that during the past season he paid out twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) as wages to the people on his places, it will not be disputed that the people have worked industriously and earned a large amount of money. The next question is, are they thrifty and provident in the use of it? In my opinion they are. Let me state some facts, which will, I think, sustain that opinion. When the "instructions" authorizing the "preemption" of land came down here, over eight thousand dollars were at once deposited, with parties appointed to receive it, by the colored people. This, of course, did not take in anything like all the money that would have been forthcoming, had the people felt sure that by so doing they would have secured the land. They had been deceived too often, and, to use their own phrase, they "couldn't trust." At the sale of the town of Beaufort, a short time ago, a large proportion of the purchases were made by colored men, many of them paying the whole amount down, while others bought with the soldiers' privilege, one-fourth down. These purchases were not made for a song, either, I can assure you. At the land sales which commenced on the 15th of February, the same evidence of thrift and industry on the part of the people was manifested. Of course, however, they could not compete with white men, who had come down here prepared to give the most fabulous prices for land. Still, in some instances, the freedmen were successful in securing their land, paying in some cases as high as $20 per acre. In these cases, of course, they spent all they owned, and in a few instances, I believe, they borrowed. On those lands recorded to be sold to the people, although not yet sold to them, they are at work for themselves. They are very desirous to secure animals to help them work their land. At the recent sales of chattel property on the different plantations, the ability of the freedmen was again manifested. Horses, mules, and cows were bought by them quite freely, at very high prices. They gave more for them than their friends thought best, but our appreciation of their necessity was not as great as theirs. In making this estimate of the material progress of the freedmen in this department, I have not yet referred to the change that is slowly but surely going on in their domestic habits. Hitherto their diet has been of the simplest and most meagre kind—corn and potatoes, varied occasionally by a piece of bacon, some oysters, or fish. Now they buy habitually flour, molasses, bacon or pork, beef, sugar, rice, tea, and coffee. These articles, at the present high prices, take a great deal of money, and this should be taken into account in speaking of their wages. Then, in the matter of clothing, it should be remembered that the majority of the people have had to get a complete outfit; for at the time their masters left, even the usual pittance of clothing had not yet been doled out to them. The refugees from other places left everything behind them, and have literally had to commence life anew. Eighteen months ago such a thing as a kerosene lamp (even a candle) could not be seen in a negro cabin; now they are frequent, not to say common, sights. So I might go on through the whote catalogue of material wants, and the same indications of progress would be found. The educational progress of the freedmen is so dependent upon their material welfare, that to prove the one is to settle the question with regard to the other. The schools are always largely attended, and when all the drawbacks are considered, the result so far attained can only be described by one word—marvellous. There are, of course, any number of vices and weaknesses in the character of the freedmen that must yet be uprooted; and a contemplation of these is sometimes very discouraging. The existence of such characteristics, however, any right-minded person will take for granted; and it is our business to show that there are counter tendencies in their character and condition, which now modify, and will eventually control them. Truly yours, REUBEN TOMLINSON.

APRIL 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

THREE years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service,
With our rights hands raised to Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets,
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board,
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven—
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THEODORE PARKER'S DEATH-BED.—An English lady, who had never seen Theodore Parker, but who was deeply indebted to his writings for spiritual light and strength, was in Florence at the time of his last illness, anxiously waiting to see him. They had long corresponded, and were thus to meet at last. She describes the scene as follows:

He lies quietly on his bed, with his back to the light—his eyes are always trembling. I do not think he sees anything, except vaguely. They say he must have made a great effort to be as collected as he was with me yesterday; to-day, was nearly all wandering, about what he would do in America, how he would lie still in his house, and be comfortable and happy.

He received me yesterday when I went to his bedside very tenderly, saying, "After all our wishes to meet, how strange it should be thus at last! You are not to think or say you have seen me—this is only the *memory* of me. Those who love me most can only wish me a speedy passage to the other world. Of course I am not *afraid* to die" (he said this with what I could have supposed his old fire), "but there was so much to do." I said, "You have given your life to God—to his truth and his work, as truly as any old martyr of them all." "I do not know," he replied; "I had great powers committed to me; I have but half used them." I gave him a nosegay of tea-roses and lilies of the valley, and there came over his face the most beautiful smile I ever saw on a human countenance. I wonder how anyone can have spoken of his face as plain or Socratic. To me it seems the noblest, most loveable face in the world. He said afterwards, "Do not speak of what you feel for me. It makes me too unhappy to leave you." Then, suddenly, with wonderful effort and power, he began discussing Italian literature—then the flowers of America. I saw he had talked enough, and tried to go away.

It seems my visit did him no harm. He spoke of me afterwards very tenderly, Mrs. Parker said, and told her she must see me every day. He could not see me often; it was a great pleasure; but it made his heart swell too high. He had a good night, and this morning again wished to see me. Alas! he wandered in mind nearly all the time, only his face lighted up as before at the sight of the lilies of the valley (he said he liked them best). He asked what day it was. I said, "It is Sunday—a blessed day!" "True, it is a blessed day," said he, suddenly, seriously, "when one has got over the superstition of it!" He then seemed to fall off into vague but not painful dreams, and to doze, so I just kissed his hand gently, and left him without speaking. My impression is, that the end will not be for some days, perhaps a week, but that his thoughts will never do more than show some faint rays of light again.

"SOME people contend," says a Washington correspondent of *The Troy Times*, "that there can be no advancement for 'the nigger'—that he lacks 'brains,' etc. A gentleman, a little more than a year ago, took home with him to the State of New York a contraband boy from Virginia who did not know a single letter. The boy was sent to school, and being honest and handy, is now in charge of the gentleman's place. We add a letter received from him, which he composed and wrote without the least aid from any one. Jim and Kate are the horses. The 'gray dog' is a pet squirrel:

"'C——, N. Y., April 1st, 1864.

"'M—— C——: I thought I would let you know how things navigate. Jim is doing very well. I think Kate is not doing so well. I give both four quarts of oats a day. I have charge of the stock now. Mr. Cross is going to move very soon. The pigs look fine. The wood-pile is about as good as done. How is Mrs. C.? Tell her the gray dog is in the cage. I do not find anything else to say at this time. Farewell. FLEMING MICKENS.'

"This is from the slave boy. Now for a specimen from a believer in the 'divine right.' Our readers doubtless remember Gen. Joe Lane, a leading pro-slavery politician and candidate for Vice-President on the Breckinridge ticket. He was in this city when the fact of Mr. Lincoln's election became known, and immediately sent to a friend the following telegram, *verbatim et liberatim*:

"'Me and Brick is depheeted gods will be dun. 'JO LANE.'

"Note the difference between the orthography of the 'statesman' and that of the 'chattel.'"

We may add that one excuse suggested for the irreverent spelling of the sixth word in the dispatch was, that Mr. Lane was unwilling to make *capital* of his Creator's name.

MORAL EXCLUSIVENESS.—Owing to the perversion of moral sympathy, there are a great many persons that separate themselves from human life, substantially following after moral qualities. They live for ideas. They give themselves to self-culture. They are to ordinary life cold, and heedless, and indifferent, comparatively speaking. They are like the birds that fly from the house and from the farm, and seek the wilderness, and build their nests in secluded nooks and in the crevices of rocks, and are seldom seen. There are many persons who think that, because they have exquisite sensibility and culture, they have a right to live up among books, or pictures, or philosophic ideas, and let the toiling multitude thunder on their reformations and conflicts down below. They are like men perched upon a cliff, who give no thought to the ocean that rolls at its base, except to look at it occasionally as a mere curiosity—and such men have the worst kind of selfishness. Yet they think themselves Christians, simply by reason of their negations. They are not tempted by passions; they do not mingle in human ambitions. They are set free from the seductions of the lower sphere; and they are unlovely because they are cold, and unsympathetic, and selfish—for no man can be a Christian that separates himself from his fellows, from his kind.—*H. W. Beecher.*

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.—Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! A truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

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